



No. 126

Ten Cents

NOV.
1948



ACTION COMICS

A 52 PAGE MAGAZINE

BE AN EYEWITNESS
TO A THRILLING
MANHUNT

in
**"SUPERMAN
ON
TELEVISION"**



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YOU'LL FIND THEM
IN THE MAGAZINES
BEARING THE
SUPERMAN
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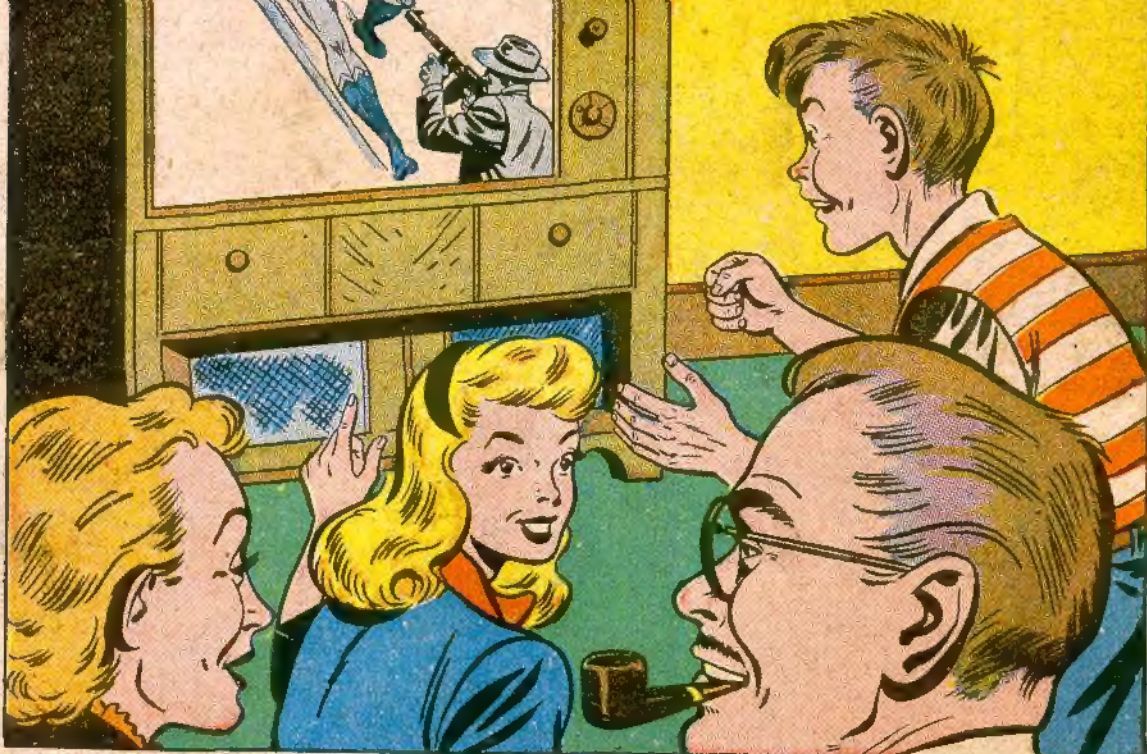


EVERY MAGAZINE
WITH THIS SYMBOL
IS YOUR GUARANTEE
OF TOP ENTERTAINMENT
IN ADVENTURE AND HUMOR!

SUPERMAN

CAN YOU IMAGINE THE MAN OF STEEL PERFORMING HIS HEROIC FEATS ON TELEVISION SCREENS ACROSS THE COUNTRY? THAT IS WHAT HAPPENS WHEN SUPERMAN MAKES USE OF TELEVISION—MOST MODERN OF SCIENTIFIC MIRACLES—TO TRAP THE SINISTER CHAMELEON—THIEF OF FACES! THRILL FOLLOWS THRILL WHEN YOU SEE—

"SUPERMAN ON TELEVISION!"



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IT'S A HOT DAY IN METROPOLIS. INSIDE THE OFFICE OF JOHN STERLING, JEWELRY IMPORTER, A HAND REACHES FOR A FAN— BUT DOES NOT TURN IT ON. INSTEAD...

THIS SMALL DRUG-SOAKED SPONGE SHOULD DO THE TRICK!



PRESENTLY, WHEN JOHN STERLING ENTERS...

WHEW, IT'S HOT! I'LL TURN ON THE FAN!



MUST GET THESE ACCOUNT BOOKS BALANCED.



SOON... AS THE FUMES FROM THE DRUG-SOAKED SPONGE ARE CIRCULATED BY THE WHIRLING FAN...

STRANGE... THAT FAN DOESN'T HELP REFRESH ME AT ALL... FEEL SLEEPY...



SIXTY SECONDS LATER...

SOME FAN, EH, DANKO! IT SURE SENT STERLING TO SLUMBERLAND!

WE OUGHTTA GET A BONUS FROM THE CHAMELEON FOR THIS JOB!



THE UNCONSCIOUS JEWELER IS BUNDLED THROUGH THE WINDOW INTO A DESERTED ALLEYWAY...

HURRY IT UP, ACE. WE GOTTA DELIVER THIS GUY TO THE CHAMELEON OUT ON HIGHWAY 99... AND IT'S QUITE A WAYS OUTA TOWN!



ELSEWHERE IN METROPOLIS, AT THIS VERY MOMENT, AN AMAZING DOUBLE FOR JOHN STERLING ENTERS THE OFFICE OF HANS VAN SPAACKEN, DUTCH DIAMOND MERCHANT...

GLAD TO SEE YOU AGAIN, MR. STERLING. YOUR DIAMONDS ARE READY FOR YOU.

AS TO THE PAYMENT, MR. STERLING-

I'VE BROUGHT IT WITH ME, VAN SPAACKEN. I'M PAYING YOU IN FULL-

-PAYING YOU IN LEAD!!

WHAT-

BANG

JUST BEHAVE, MISS AND YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT.

SECONDS LATER, AS JOHN STERLING'S DOUBLE MAKES HIS GETAWAY...

STOP HIM! HE SHOT MR. VAN SPAACKEN!

THIS MAY POSSIBLY BE MY BEST PERFORMANCE.

NONCHALANTLY, THIS MAN WHO IS AN EXACT TWIN OF STERLING SALINTERS FROM VAN SPAACKEN'S SHOP, HIS LOOT IN HIS POCKET...

FUNNY... THOUGHT I' HEARD A SHOT.

MUST'VE BEEN A BACKFIRE!

VAN SPAACKEN JEWELER

THROUGHOUT METROPOLIS FLASHES A POLICE ALERT FOR STERLING- AND ONE HOUR LATER, THE REAL JOHN STERLING FINDS HIMSELF IN A DAZED STATE BEHIND THE WHEEL OF HIS CAR...



OUR DRAGNET FINALLY CAUGHT THIS GUY.

WHERE AM I? EVERYTHING WENT BLANK!

SAVE THAT AMNESIA GAG FOR THE JURY, STERLING. I'M TAKING YOU IN FOR MURDER!

MONTHS LATER, IN THE OFFICES OF THE DAILY PLANET...

I WANT YOU TO GO UP TO THE STATE PRISON, CLARK, AND COVER JOHN STERLING'S EXECUTION!

THAT'S ONE ASSIGNMENT I'M GLAD I'M NOT GETTING!



INSIDE THE DEATH HOUSE, CLARK KENT LISTENS TO THE DOOMED MAN'S PROTESTATIONS OF INNOCENCE...

ALL I CAN TELL YOU IS WHAT I TOLD THE JURY... I TURNED ON THE ELECTRIC FAN AND THEN I BLACKED OUT. I'M INNOCENT!

CIGARETTE, STERLING?



NO, THANKS. I NEVER SMOKE.



HMM... MY PHOTOGRAPHIC MEMORY RECALLS A SCOOP PICTURE OF THE KILLER SMOKING A CIGARETTE WHICH WAS SNAPPED BY A SIDEWALK PHOTOGRAPHER AND PUBLISHED IN THE PLANET.

PRESENTLY, THE PLANET'S PICTURE EDITOR RECEIVES A COLORFULLY CLAD FIGURE...

HELLO, SUPERMAN... WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?

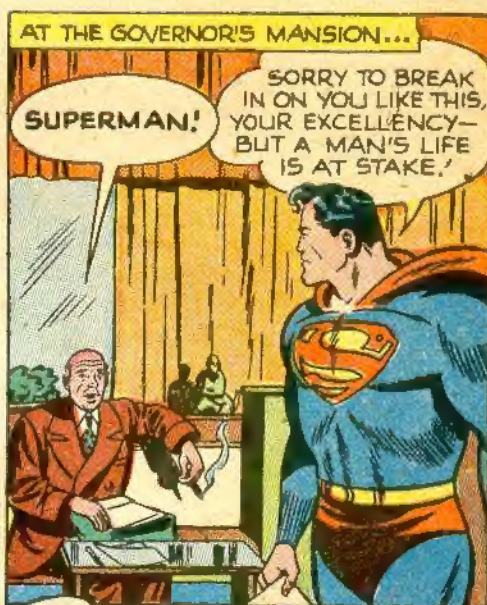
I'D LIKE TO SEE YOUR FILE ON THE JOHN STERLING CASE.





THEN...

NOW TO SHOW THIS PHOTOGRAPH OF "STERLING" SMOKING TO THE GOVERNOR.



AT THE GOVERNOR'S MANSION...

SUPERMAN!

SORRY TO BREAK IN ON YOU LIKE THIS, YOUR EXCELLENCY— BUT A MAN'S LIFE IS AT STAKE.



... AND SO, GOVERNOR—ALTHOUGH THIS PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS "STERLING" SMOKING A CIGARETTE—STERLING DOESN'T SMOKE.

DO YOU IMPLY THAT WE HAVE THE WRONG MAN? RIDICULOUS! EVERYBODY SAW STERLING— EVERYBODY KNOWS HE SHOT VAN SPAACKEN.



I'M SORRY, BUT I CAN'T STAY THE EXECUTION ON SUCH WEAK EVIDENCE. AND NOW, IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME, I DON'T WANT TO MISS THIS BALL GAME.

I'LL GET YOU MORE EVIDENCE—AND I'LL SHOW YOU!!



BUT WILL EVEN SUPERMAN'S SUPER-SPEED BE SWIFT ENOUGH TO SAVE AN INNOCENT MAN FROM THE CHAIR?

50 MINUTES LEFT—I'LL HAVE TO START AT THE BEGINNING...THE LAST THING STERLING REMEMBERS WAS TURNING ON THE ELECTRIC FAN IN HIS OFFICE...



IN STERLING'S OFFICE, A VITAL CLUE...

ODD! A SPONGE IN A FAN. THIS WILL BE WORTH TESTING!

USING HIS MIRACULOUS MICROSCOPIC VISION, **SUPERMAN** EXAMINES THE SINISTER SPONGE...



HMM... I SEE TINY CRYSTALS OF A RARE CHEMICAL USED AS THE BASE FOR A SLEEP GAS! ONLY ONE COMPANY MAKES THIS DRUG!

UP, UP, AND AWAY STREAKS THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST MORTAL...



MUCH FASTER THAN THE SUBWAY, THIS MODE OF TRAVEL - AND CHEAPER, TOO!

SECONDS LATER, IN THE OFFICE OF ACME CHEMICALS...



HERE'S THE RECEIPT FOR THE ONLY SALE OF CHEMICAL XY9 WE MADE THIS YEAR!

HMM - K. MELEON, NO. 1 RIVERVIEW TERRACE - I THINK I'LL CALL ON MR. MELEON.

WHO IS K. MELEON? WHAT CONNECTION DOES HE HAVE WITH THE CASE OF JOHN STERLING? LET US VISIT K. MELEON - GETTING THERE AHEAD OF THE WORLD'S FASTEST MAN!



RUN THAT FILM AGAIN, DANKO - THERE'S SOMETHING ESCAPES ME IN HIS WALK!

OKAY, CHAMELEON!



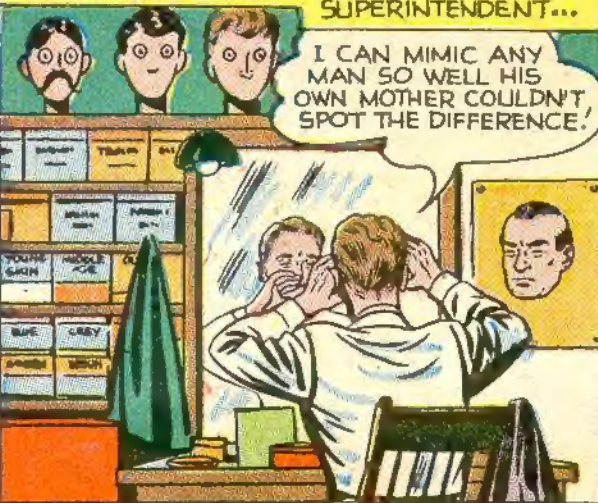
HURRY UP, YOU MEN, AND GET THAT FREIGHT LOADED!

HURRY UP, YOU MEN, AND GET THAT FREIGHT LOADED!

CHAMELEON, YOU'RE GREAT! YOU'RE IMITATING HIS VOICE AND WALK PERFECT!



PRESENTLY, THROUGH HIS WIZARDRY WITH MAKE-UP, THE CHAMELEON TRANSFORMS HIMSELF INTO HIS NEXT VICTIM—HORACE BRIGGS, RAILROAD YARD SUPERINTENDENT...



I CAN MIMIC ANY MAN SO WELL HIS OWN MOTHER COULDN'T SPOT THE DIFFERENCE!

MINUTES LATER, THE ASTOUNDING TRANSFORMATION IS ALMOST COMPLETED.

HERE'S AN EXACT COPY OF DA SUPER'S COAT, BOSS. I HAD DA SHOULDERS FIXED UP LIKE YA SAID.

SEE THAT THE MEN ARE READY AT THE TRANS-AMERICAN RAILROAD YARD. I WON'T TOLERATE A SLIP-UP.



SUPER-HEARING AND X-RAY VISION HAVE CONVINCED SUPERMAN OF STERLING'S INNOCENCE!

BOSS, DIS TIME YOUR DISGUISE IS EVEN MORE POIFECT DAN WHEN YOU FRAMED STOILING!

AH, DANKO, BUT IT'S A GREAT PITY THAT MY GENIUS MUST GO UNAPPLAUDED BY THE PUBLIC.

THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA—IF IT'S AN AUDIENCE HE WANTS—I'LL GIVE IT TO HIM!



BUT WHY, WITH ONLY THIRTY MINUTES BETWEEN THE INNOCENT JOHN STERLING AND ELECTRIC DEATH, DOES SUPERMAN HEAD FOR THE BALL PARK?



THE CHAMELEON'S IMPERSONATION OF THE TRANS-AMERICAN RAILROAD YARD SUPERINTENDENT MAY INTEREST A LOT OF PEOPLE, AS WELL AS THE GOVERNOR!

SUPERMAN IN FRONT OF MY TELEVISION CAMERA, WHAT A SCOOP!

IT'S SUPERMAN!!



INSTANTLY THE MIRACLE OF TELEVISION ELECTRIFIES MILLIONS OF TELEVISION FANS THROUGHOUT THE NATION—AND GOVERNOR WILCOX!

SORRY TO INTERRUPT YOUR BALL GAME, GOVERNOR WILCOX, BUT I'M ABOUT TO PROVE TO YOU THAT STERLING IS INNOCENT!

IF I WERENT SEEING THIS WITH MY OWN EYES—



AT THE STADIUM, THE WORLD'S STRONGEST MAN LIFTS THE MOBILE TELEVISION UNIT AS THOUGH IT WERE A CHILD'S TOY CAR...

CONTINENTAL TELEVISION CORP.

IT'S A PLEASURE, SUPERMAN!

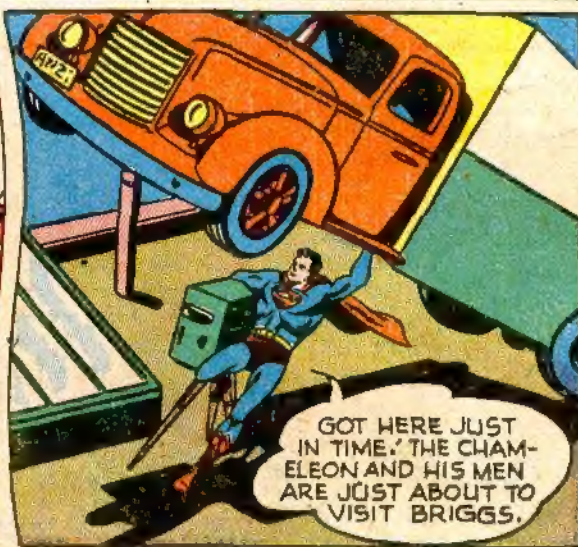
THANKS, BOYS, FOR LETTING ME BORROW THIS FOR A SHORT WHILE...

MEANWHILE, THE CHAMELEON'S PLAN TICKS LIKE CLOCKWORK.

I COULD HAVE SWORN YOU CAME IN TEN MINUTES AGO, MR. BRIGGS.

I WENT OUT TO GET SOME EXTRA MEN. OBVIOUSLY YOU DIDN'T SEE ME. I'LL BE GOING OUT AGAIN SOON, SO DON'T LET ME CATCH YOU NAPPING AGAIN!

GOVERNMENT AREA
KEEP OUT



GOT HERE JUST IN TIME. THE CHAMELEON AND HIS MEN ARE JUST ABOUT TO VISIT BRIGGS.

INSIDE BRIGGS' OFFICE...

BRIGGS SPEAKING. THE URANIUM INGOTS HAVE ALL BEEN UNLOADED ONTO THE TRUCK. THEY'RE READY FOR IMMEDIATE TRANSHIPMENT.

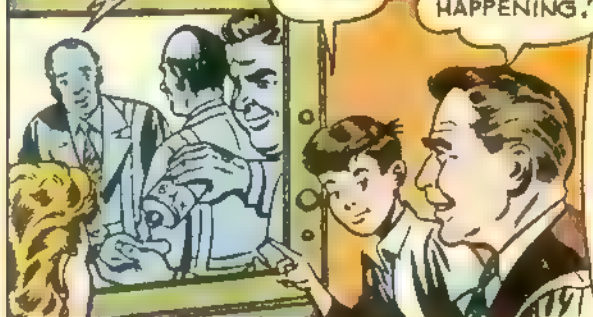
WHO ARE YOU MEN? HOW DID YOU GET IN HERE? AND YOU—YOU LOOK JUST LIKE ME!

THE CHAMELEON DOESN'T KNOW... THAT A MILLION WITNESSES SEE HIS CRIME UNFOLD!

WHAT IS THIS?
ARE YOU A REFLECTION?

LOOK, DADDY—
BOTH THOSE
MEN LOOK THE
SAME!

QUIET!
SUPERMAN
IS SHOWING
US SOME-
THING THAT
IS REALLY
HAPPENING!



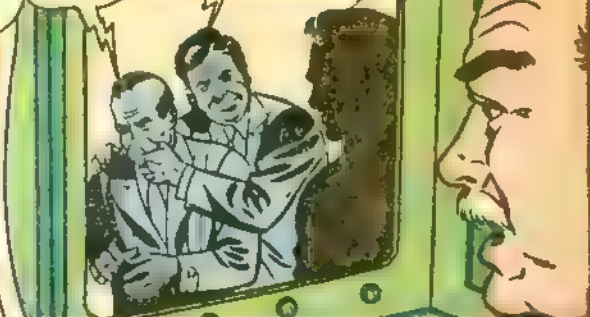
AT THE GOVERNOR'S
HOUSE...

THIS XY9
WILL PUT HIM
TO SLEEP FOR
A HALF
HOUR!

HURRY AND
CARRY HIM TO
THE URANIUM
TRUCK!

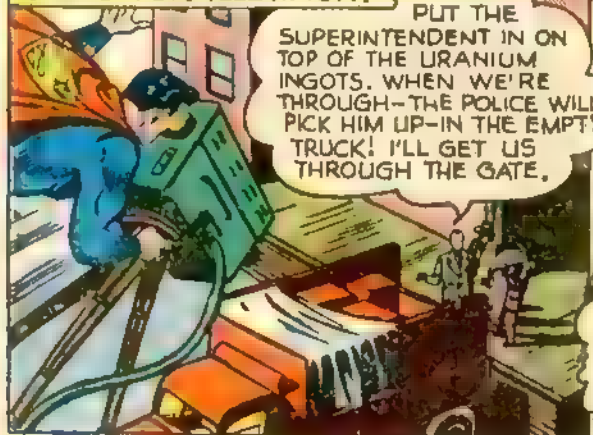
?

UGGH!

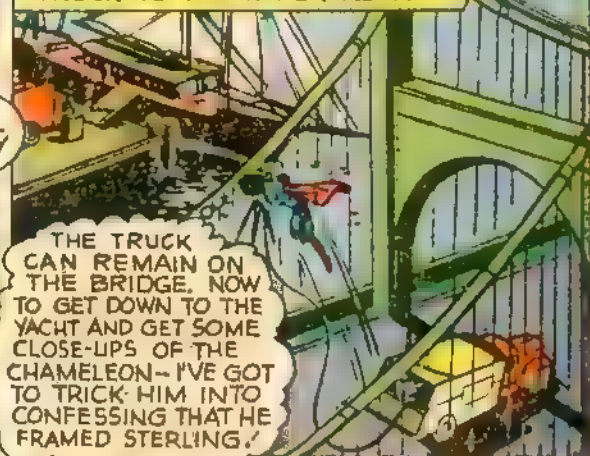


LITTLE DO THE CRIMINALS REALIZE THAT **SUPERMAN** HAS BECOME A **SUPER-CAMERAMAN**, PHOTOGRAPHING THEIR DEEDS FOR TELEVISION!

PUT THE
SUPERINTENDENT IN ON
TOP OF THE URANIUM
INGOTS. WHEN WE'RE
THROUGH—THE POLICE WILL
PICK HIM UP IN THE EMPTY
TRUCK! I'LL GET US
THROUGH THE GATE.



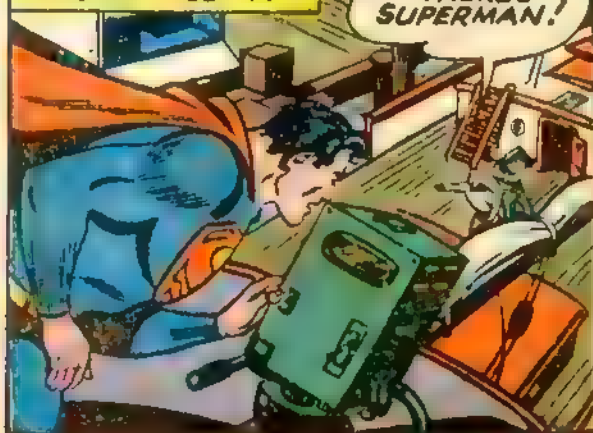
TRANSPORTING THE TELEVISION UNIT THROUGH THE AIR, **SUPERMAN** TRAILS THE INGOT TRUCK TO THE WATERFRONT...



THE TRUCK
CAN REMAIN ON
THE BRIDGE. NOW
TO GET DOWN TO THE
YACHT AND GET SOME
CLOSE-UPS OF THE
CHAMELEON—I'VE GOT
TO TRICK HIM INTO
CONFESSING THAT HE
FRAMED STERLING.

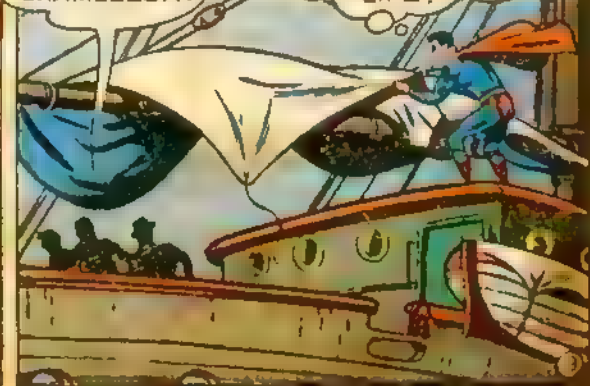
SUPERMAN FIXES
THE TELEVISION
CAMERA IN THE
CROW'S NEST...

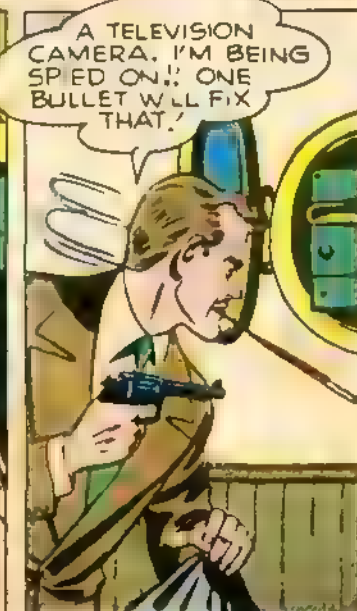
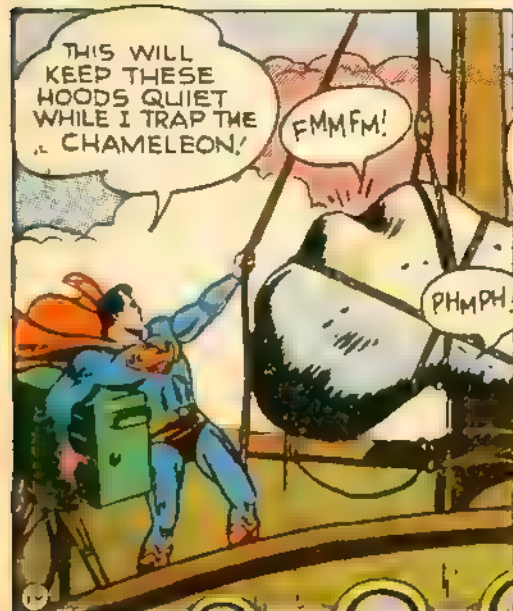
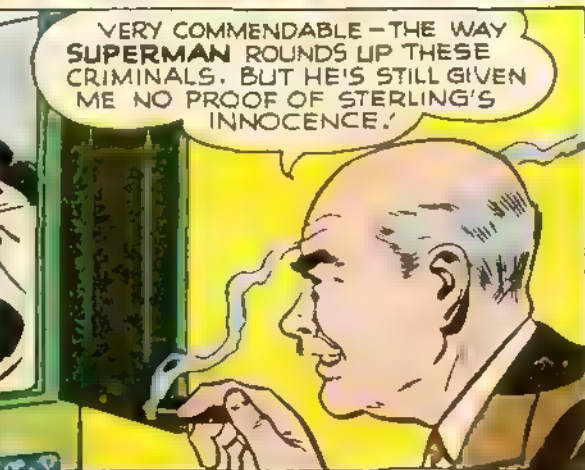
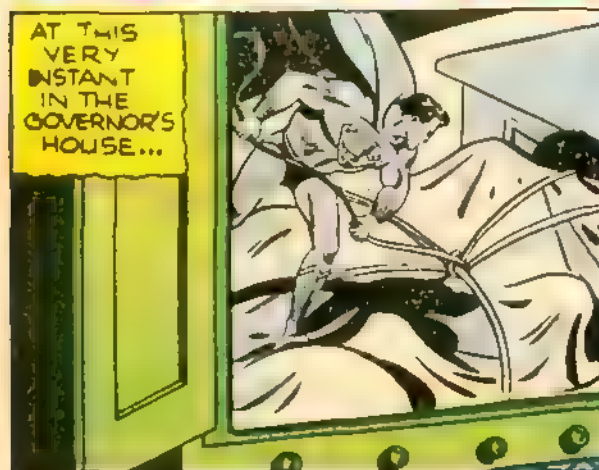
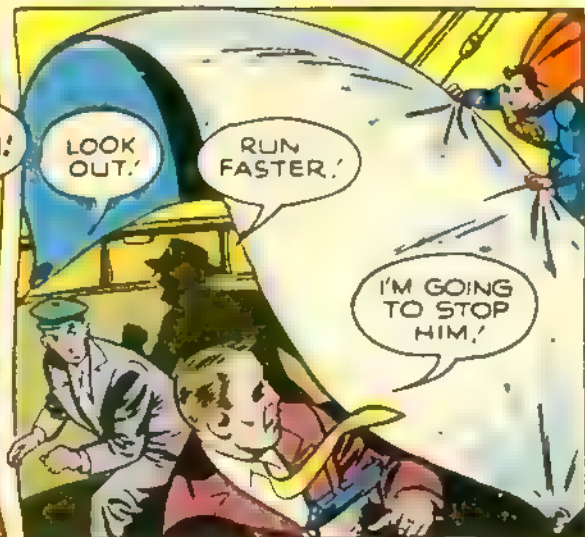
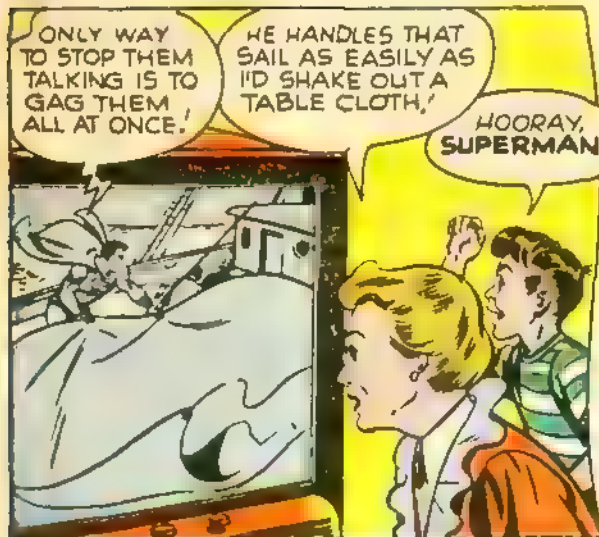
LOOK,
**THERE'S
SUPERMAN!**



WE GOTTA
WARN THE
CHAMELEON.

I'LL HAVE TO STOP
THEM FROM REACHING
THE CHAMELEON OR I'LL
NEVER GET THE CONFESSION
THAT WILL SAVE STERLING'S
LIFE!

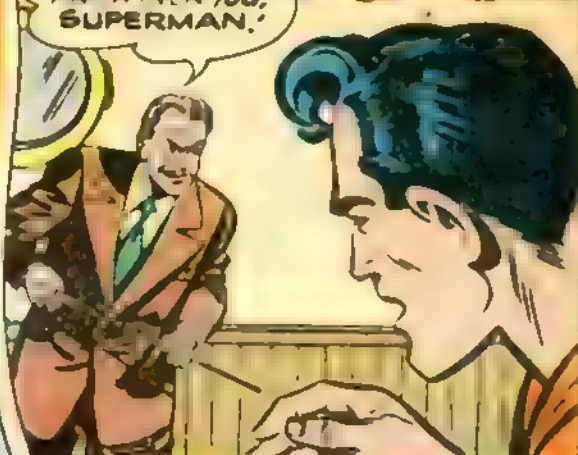




BREATHLESS MILLIONS WATCH SUPERMAN
BEAT A BULLET



THIS POISON
STILETTO WILL
FINISH EVEN YOU,
SUPERMAN!



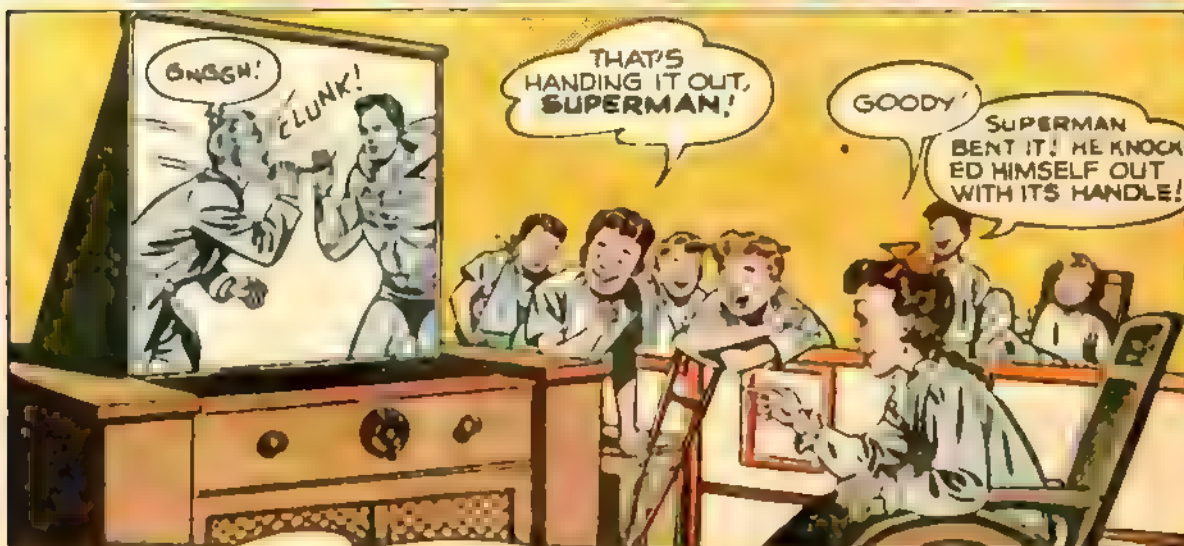
GNGSH!

CLUNK!

THAT'S
HANDING IT OUT,
SUPERMAN!

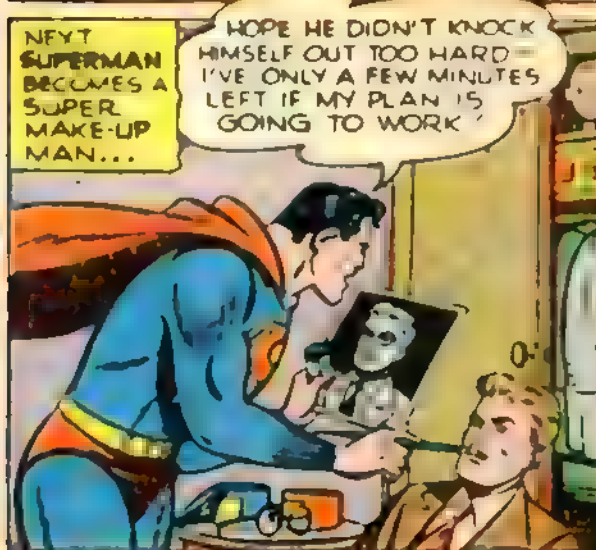
GOODY!

SUPERMAN
BENT IT! HE KNOCK-
ED HIMSELF OUT
WITH ITS HANDLE!

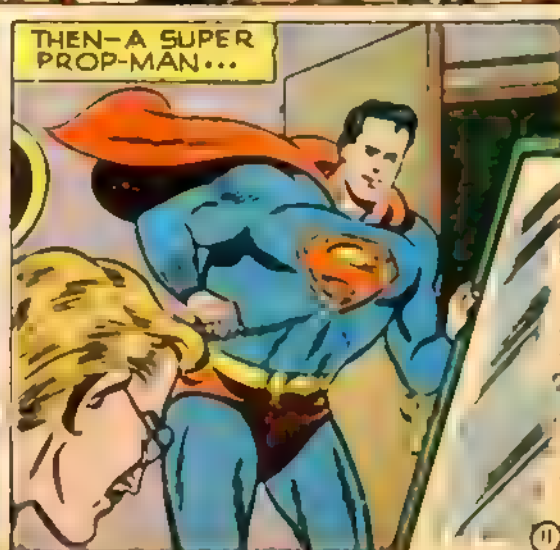


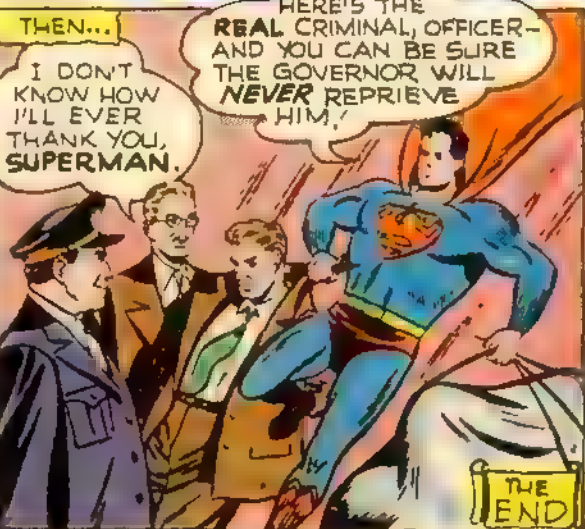
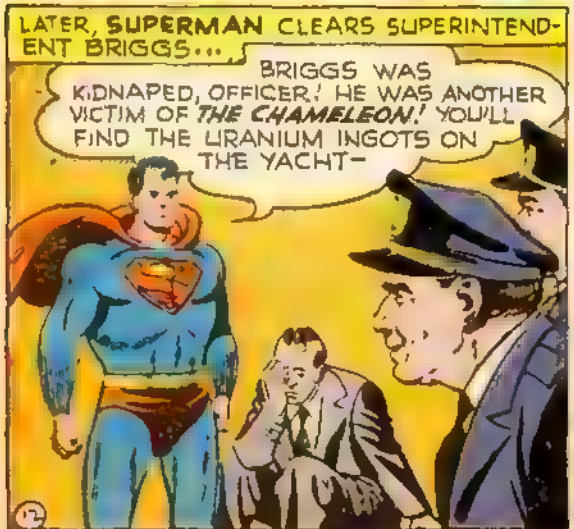
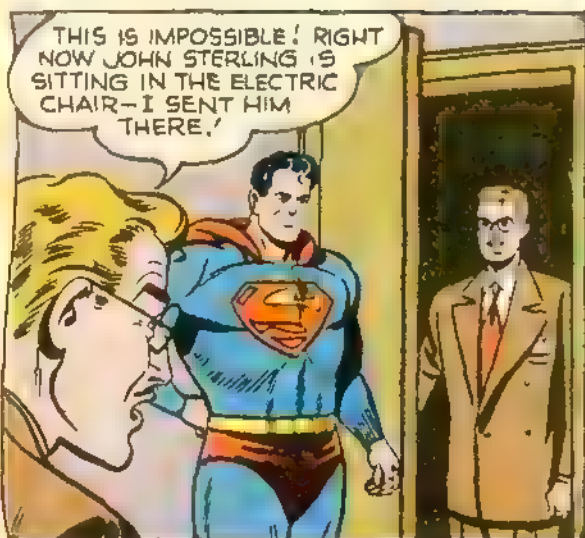
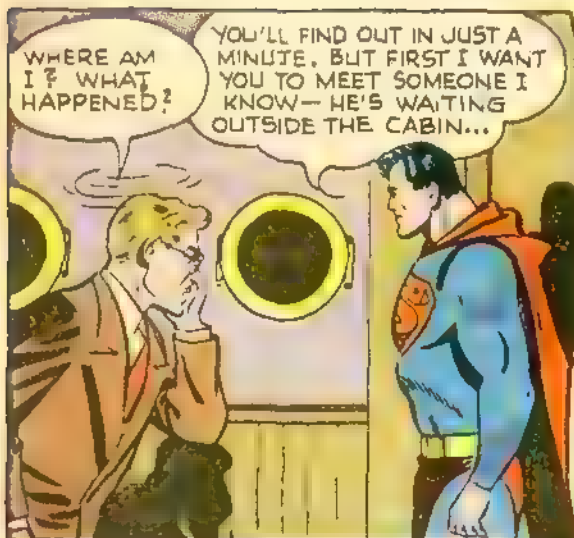
HEY!
SUPERMAN
BECOMES A
SUPER
MAKE-UP
MAN...

HOPE HE DIDN'T KNOCK
HIMSELF OUT TOO HARD -
I'VE ONLY A FEW MINUTES
LEFT IF MY PLAN IS
GOING TO WORK



THEN-A SUPER
PROP-MAN...







STRIKE THREE!

YA CAN'T HIT WHAT YA CAN'T SEE

IT SOUNDED LOW

"BLAZIN' BOB'S" FAST-BALL TRAVELS NEARLY 100 M.P.H.--TERRORIZES BATTERS. FIREBALL HURLER JOINED CLEVELAND INDIANS WHEN STILL IN HIGH SCHOOL. IN FIRST SEASON, 17-YEAR OLD FARM BOY TIED MAJOR LEAGUE SINGLE-GAME STRIKEOUT MARK. TWO YEARS LATER --FANNED 18 DETROIT TIGERS FOR NEW RECORD.

THEY'LL BE LUCKY TO GET A HIT TODAY!

BOB
FELLER

FAMOUS
MAJOR
LEAGUE
STRIKEOUT
KING

FELLER'S AMAZING MAJOR LEAGUE CAREER (THROUGH 1947) SHOWS 2 NO-HIT GAMES -- 10 ONE-HITTERS. FOR FIVE YEARS IN A ROW, BOB WON 20 OR MORE GAMES. IN 1946 BREEZED THIRD STRIKE PAST 348 BATTERS FOR NEW ALL-TIME RECORD.

PUT IN A
CLAUSE CALLING
FOR PLENTY OF
WHEATIES!

BASEBALL'S HIGHEST-SALARIED STAR BEGAN EATING WHEATIES BACK IN 1932. "AND I'VE BEEN A WHEATIES BOOSTER EVER SINCE," SAYS BOB 'FELLER. "WHEATIES, MILK AND FRUIT--A GOOD, NOURISHING COMBINATION. MY FAVORITE YEAR-AROUND BREAKFAST DISH."

WHEATIES

**BREAKFAST
OF
CHAMPIONS**

WITH MILK AND FRUIT

"U.S. ROYAL"

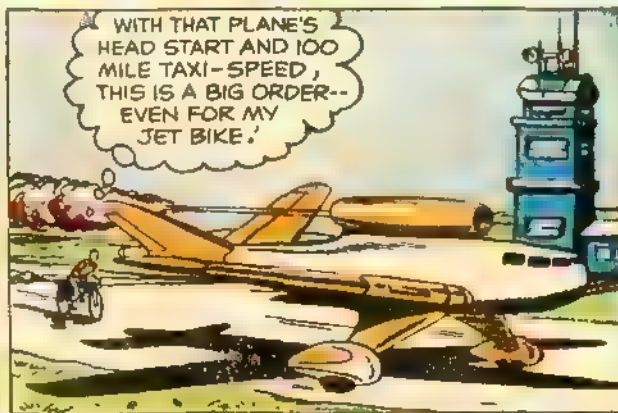
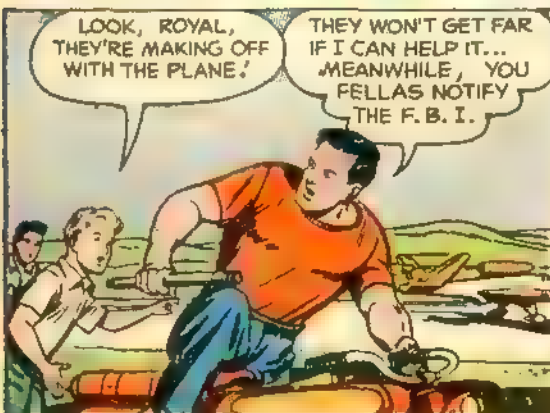
WITH HIS
JET-PROPELLED BIKE



"SAVING THE SECRET
SUPERSONIC PLANE"



AT THE ARMY AIR FIELD, U.S. ROYAL AND THE BOYS OF THE ELM CITY BIKE CLUB USE THEIR SPECIAL PASSES TO SEE THE NEW SECRET SUPERSONIC PLANE. SUDDENLY...



"FOR SPEED PLUS SAFETY, IT'S THE TIRE WITH THE BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN FOR ME"... SAYS U.S. ROYAL

U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES, WITH THE SPECIAL BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN, GIVE YOU TOP PERFORMANCE AND PERFECT CONTROL. NO WONDER U.S. IS AMERICA'S FASTEST-SELLING BIKE TIRE!

U.S. BIKE TIRES

America's Fastest Selling Tires



UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY
Serving Through Science

CONGO BILL

THE TOWERING HEIGHTS OF FABULOUS MT. MACHIN CHALLENGED MAN FOR AGES. MEN CLIMBED MT. EVEREST—BUT NOT ITS NEIGHBORING SUMMIT. WHEN EXPLORER BLUE EDWARDS PLANNED TO SCALE THE FORMIDABLE HEIGHTS, WORLD-WIDE INSURANCE, LTD. ISSUED AN URGENT CALL TO CONGO BILL. FOR ONLY ONE MAN COULD UNDERTAKE SUCH A HAZARDOUS MISSION, WHICH CREATED...

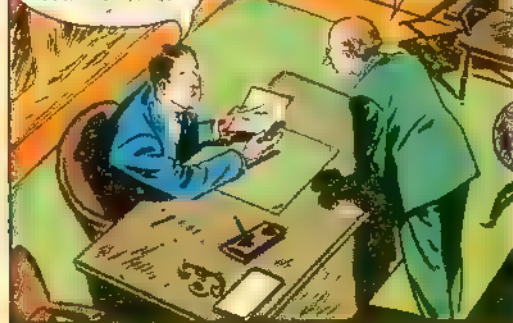
"TERROR ATOP MT. MACHIN!"



IN THE LONDON OFFICES OF WORLD-WIDE INSURANCE, LTD...

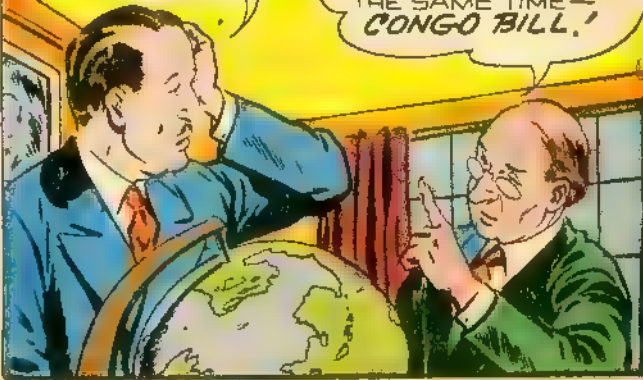
THIS LETTER FROM BLUE EDWARDS INFORMS US THAT SHE INTENDS CLIMBING MT. MACHIN.

GOOD GRIEF, THAT'S DANGEROUS! NO ONE'S EVER CLIMBED IT!



AND WORLD-WIDE'S INSURED HER FOR A MILLION DOLLARS! WE MUST PROTECT HER—OR HER DEATH WILL COST US A COOL MILLION!

A FOOLHARDY GIRL, THAT BLUE EDWARDS. BUT I KNOW ONE MAN WHO CAN PROTECT HER—AND US—AND AT THE SAME TIME—**CONGO BILL!**



AT THAT MOMENT AMONG THE TOURISTS
AT A TIBETAN LAMASARY...

THAT MAN'S WORKING
TOO CLOSE TO THAT
GIRL'S PURSE—

OH! MY
HANDBAG!

HOLD IT, NATURE BOY!
I HAVE SOMETHING
FOR YOU!

—AND HERE
IT IS!

ZUNNGG!

A LOT OF VERMIN
CRAWLING AROUND
HERE, MISS. YOU
HAVE TO BE EXTRA
CAREFUL!

I'M QUITE
CAPABLE OF
TAKING CARE
OF MYSELF,
THANK YOU!

HMM, A BEAUTIFUL GIRL!
SHE COULD MODEL—
FOR AN ICICLE!

CABLEGRAM
FOR YOU,
CONGO BILL!

SO SOMEBODY CALLED BLUE
EDWARDS INSISTS ON CLIMBING
MT. MACHIN. WELL, IT'LL BE A
PLEASURE TO WORK WITH A
MAN—AFTER
RUNNING INTO
THAT FEMALE!

LATER, WHEN CONGO BILL APPEARS AT ROOM 215...

OH, IT'S YOU AGAIN! EXCUSE ME! THE DESK CLERK TOLD ME THIS WAS BLUE EDWARDS' ROOM.

I AM BLUE EDWARDS, AND IF YOU WANT A REWARD—

THAT'S A GOOD ONE! I GET MY REWARD FROM WORLD-WIDE INSURANCE, I'VE BEEN ORDERED TO TAG ONTO YOUR MOUNTAIN JAUNT!

REALLY? WELL, GO BACK AND TELL THEM I CAN PROTECT MYSELF.

NEXT DAY, AT THE SHANSI AIR FIELD TAKEOFF STRIP...

ALL CLEAR, PILOT! LET'S GO...

YOU!! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE IN MY PLANE?

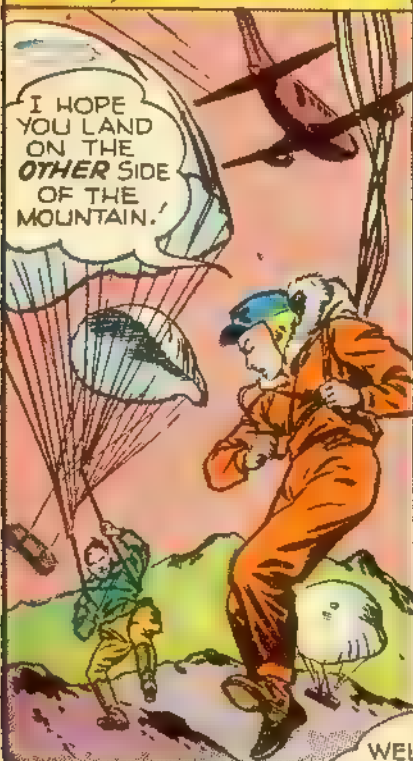
THOUGHT I'D COME ALONG FOR THE RIDE! NO OBJECTION IS THERE?

THERE IS! I REFUSE TO BE BURDENED WITH A GUARDIAN ANGEL! AND NOW, LOAD YOUR EQUIPMENT AND GET OFF MY PLANE! I WON'T HAVE YOU ON IT!

GET OFF THE PLANE? LADY, BE SENSIBLE!

OHhhh... YOU!!

ONE HUNDRED MILES LATER,
AND 15,000 FEET HIGHER...



NO SUCH LUCK!
AT LEAST YOU
COULD HAVE
BROKEN A
LEG.



SORRY TO
HAVE
DISAPPOINTED
YOU, HONEY.
NOW, GET
YOUR RIG
TOGETHER
AND LET'S
GO.

BETTER
TIGHTEN THAT
STRAP. IT'S
HOLDING
YOUR FOOD
SACK.

DON'T
WORRY. I'M
ON A DIET.



AND LATER,
20,000
FEET ABOVE
SEA LEVEL...



OH! MY
PACK!

WELL, LUCKY
YOU'RE ON A
DIET. YOU WON'T
NEED IT ANYHOW.

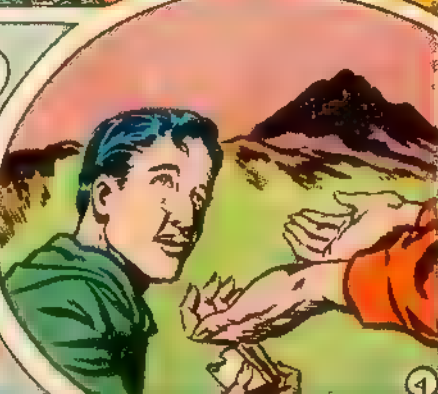
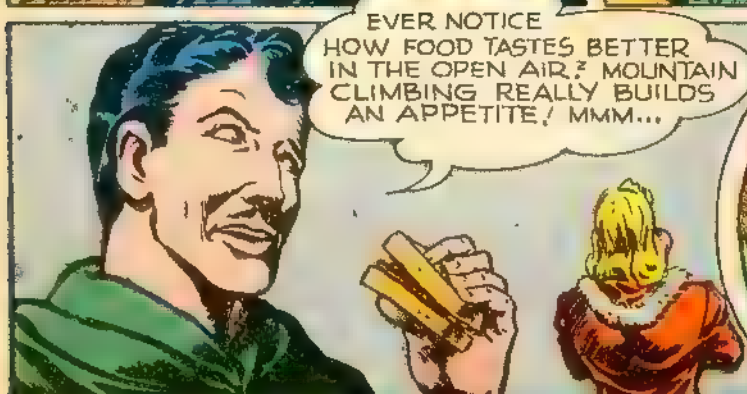
THEN, NOONTIME--AND LUNCH...

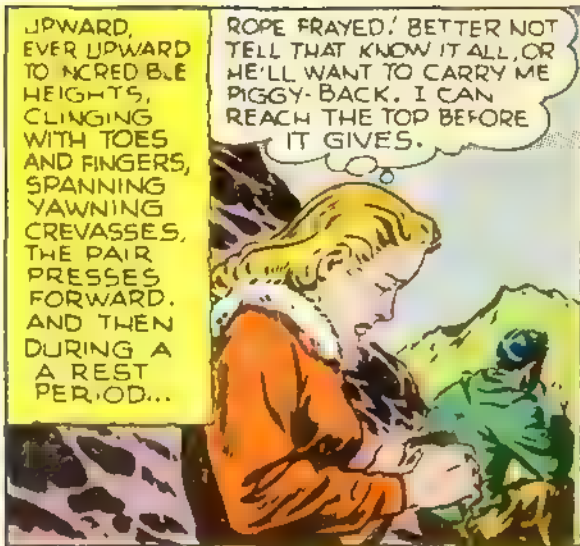
CARE FOR A ROAST BEEF
SANDWICH? OR A SLAB
OF APPLE PIE? OR
PERHAPS A CUP
OF SOUP?

NO, THANK YOU!

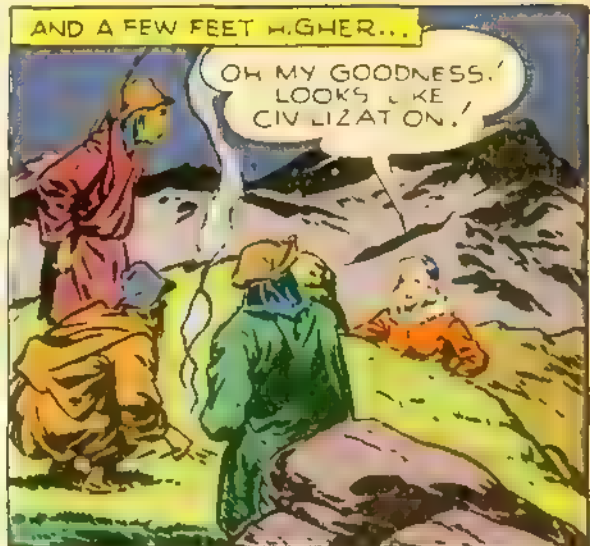


EVER NOTICE
HOW FOOD TASTES BETTER
IN THE OPEN AIR? MOUNTAIN
CLIMBING REALLY BUILDS
AN APPETITE! MMM...





ROPE FRAYED. BETTER NOT TELL THAT KNOW IT ALL, OR HE'LL WANT TO CARRY ME PIGGY-BACK. I CAN REACH THE TOP BEFORE IT GIVES.



AND A FEW FEET HIGHER...

OH MY GOODNESS! LOOKS LIKE CIVILIZATION!



AIEEE! GIRL MAKE GIFT TO MOUNTAIN GODDESS!

BRING GOOD HUNTING AS SACRIFICE!



HELLO, BATSYAK! LET'S SMOKE A PEACE-PIPE!

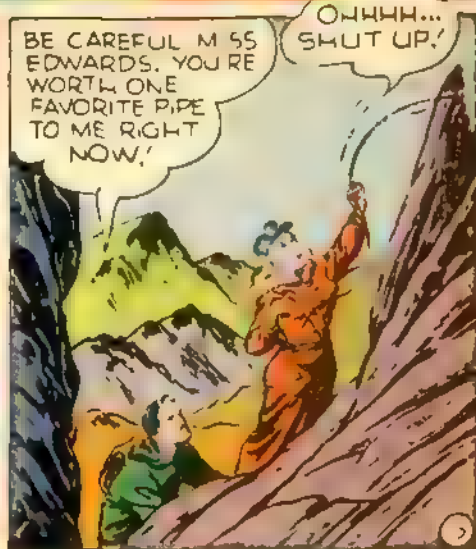
HUH? IS CONGO BILL!



BATSYAK, I'LL **BUY** HER FROM YOU FOR THIS PIPE YOU ADMIRERD WHEN WE FOUND THE YAN-KE-LIN RIVER LAST MONTH!

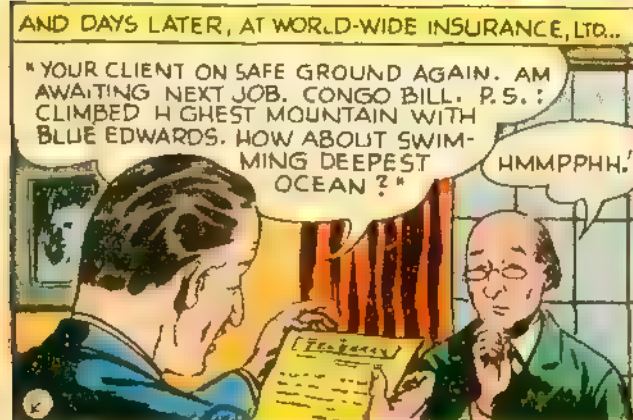
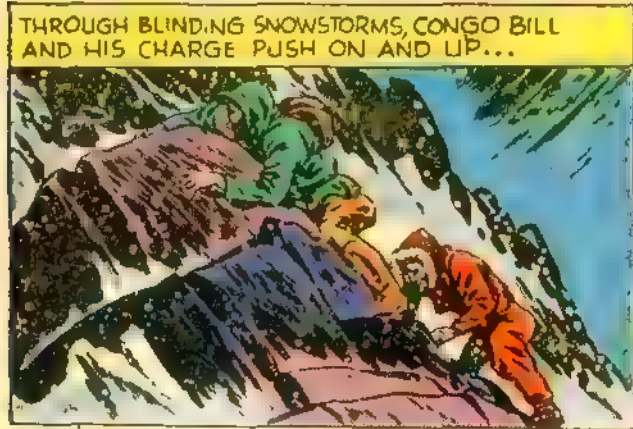
IS DEAL!

OKAY, LET'S CLEAR OUT OF HERE AND FINISH OUR CLIMB!



BE CAREFUL M 55 EDWARDS. YOU'RE WORTH ONE FAVORITE PIPE TO ME RIGHT NOW!

ONHHH... SHUT UP!



*Zooms Faster! Zooms Farther!
—Right Off Your Finger!*

NEW "F-87" ^(CURTISS) SUPER JET PLANE RING!

ZOOM!



TAKES OFF AT A TOUCH! Just press the secret launching trigger—and away zooms your new "F-87" super jet plane model—a shiny black streak of speed!

REALISTIC DESIGN! Plane is made of jet black plastic modeled after the new Curtiss "F-87" Multi-Jet Fighter that flies over 600 miles an hour! Nickel-plated launching ring won't tarnish. Secret launching trigger. Will fit any finger!

It's Fun to Race Your Jet Planes!

Be the champ jet pilot in your Jet Plane Squadron! You get complete instructions for launching, racing, dog-fighting—with your Jet Plane Ring!

It's Fun to Eat Kellogg's Corn Flakes!

—and it's good for you, too! Crisp, fresh Kellogg's Corn Flakes are grandenergy-food! Eat a heaping bowlful every morning for zip and zoom!

Send Only 20¢

with one box top
from Kellogg's
Corn Flakes

Copyright 1948
by Kellogg Co.

Kellogg's
CORN
FLAKES



JET TEST PILOT: Lee Miller, of Curtiss-Wright, says: "Hi Kids! You'll go like a 'jet' for Kellogg's Corn Flakes' crisp fresh flavor! You'll want that swell jet plane ring, too! So zoom the coupon to Kellogg's today! Tear it out now!"

FILL IN COUPON NOW!

Be the first to own this new Super Jet Plane Ring—and be Commander of your Jet Plane Ring Squadron! ENCLOSE ONE Kellogg's Corn Flakes Box Top (end marked "top") and 20¢ for each ring ordered, and mail to Kellogg's, Box 212, New York 8, N. Y.

NAME _____

STREET _____

CITY _____

ZONE _____

STATE _____

PRINT PLAINLY! PRINT PLAINLY!

This offer is limited to residents of the U.S.A. only

Bazooka

THE ATOM
BUBBLE BOY

Bazooka
THE ATOM BUBBLE GUM

WHAT A SWELL SET!
AND YOU CAN TALK
BACK AND FORTH
WITH FELLOWS IN
AUSTRALIA AND
AFRICA!

SURE-EVERYWHERE!
LISTEN, THERE'S AN S.O.S.
CALL, A SHIP'S IN
TROUBLE. CAUGHT IN
A BIG STORM!



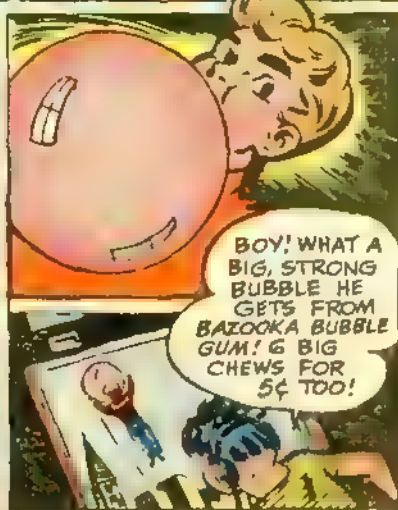
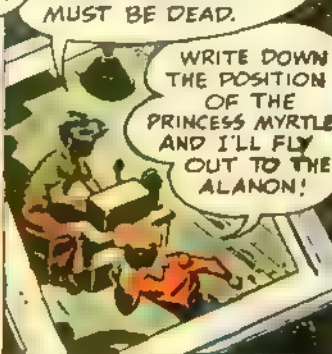
GOLLY, BAZOOKA-
IT'S THE PRINCESS
MYRTLE. SHE'S
SINKING FAST
WITH 1,000
PEOPLE ABOARD.

GOSH GEORGE.
THAT'S AWFUL!
WHAT CAN WE
DO? EVEN MY
BUBBLE GUM
CAN'T HELP THEM!

THE S.S. ALANON IS OUT
NEAR THE MYRTLE. I
HEARD THE SIGNAL
BEFORE THE STORM-
BUT I CAN'T HEAR IT
NOW. THEIR RADIO
MUST BE DEAD.



WRITE DOWN
THE POSITION
OF THE
PRINCESS MYRTLE
AND I'LL FLY
OUT TO THE
ALANON!



BOY! WHAT A
BIG, STRONG
BUBBLE HE
GETS FROM
BAZOOKA BUBBLE
GUM! 6 BIG
CHEWS FOR
5¢ TOO!

THERE SHE IS-
THE ALANON-
BAZOOKA
AND DOWN
I GO!



WE CAN BE
THERE
IN AN
HOUR!

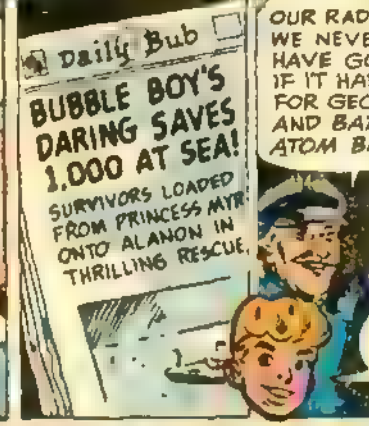
I'LL FLY
OVER AND
TELL THEM
YOU'RE ON
YOUR WAY!



Daily Bub
**BUBBLE BOY'S
DARING SAVES
1,000 AT SEA!**
SURVIVORS LOADED
FROM PRINCESS MYR-
TLE ONTO ALANON IN
THRILLING RESCUE.

OUR RADIO WAS DEAD!
WE NEVER WOULD
HAVE GOT THE NEWS
IF IT HADN'T BEEN
FOR GEORGE STENGLE
AND BAZOOKA-THE
ATOM BUBBLE BOY!

AND DON'T
FORGET
BAZOOKA
BUBBLE GUM
WITH A
COMIC IN
EVERY PACK.
PRIZES FOR
WRAPPERS,
TOO!



GET YOUR LETTER

OUR TEAM
GOT LETTERS AND
NUMBERS FOR
THEIR JERSEYS
WITH
BAZOOKA
BUBBLE
GUM!

I WEAR MY
INITIALS ON MY
SWEATER! NO
SEWING! YOU JUST
PRESS IT ON!



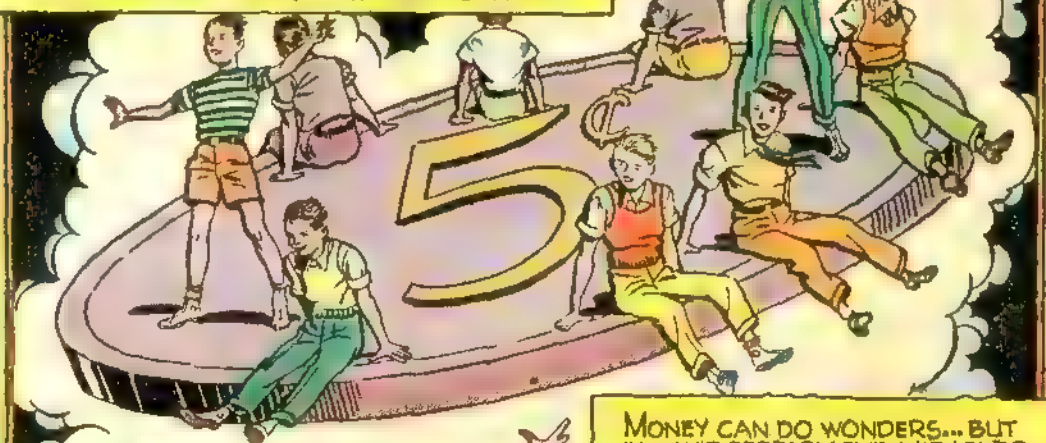
Send to **BAZOOKA**
Box 20 Madison Square Station
New York City N.Y.

YES, Big 4" Wool Felt Washable Letters or
Numbers-ANY COLOR-for a BAZOOKA
WRAPPER and 10¢ NO SEWING NEEDED!

Name the letters or numbers (0 to 9, that you
want-and the color Enclose 10¢ and wrapper for
EACH LETTER OR NUMBER

ZATARA

THE MASTER MAGICIAN



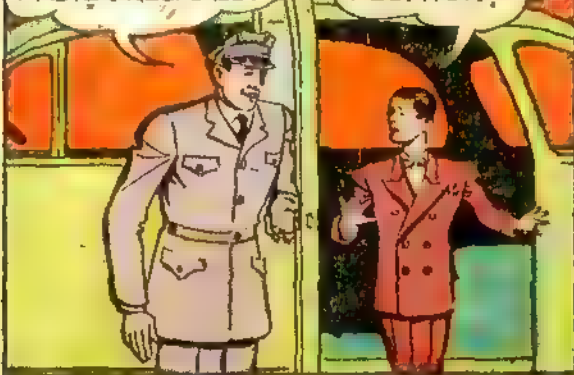
MONEY CAN DO WONDERS... BUT IT CAN'T PERFORM THE MIRACLES THAT ZATARA CAN! SO WHEN A BORED AND WEALTHY BRAT TRIES TO BUY HIS WAY THROUGH LIFE, THE MASTER MAGICIAN COMES UP WITH SOME PRICELESS MAGIC - AND THE MONEYED LAD FORGETS HIS BANK ACCOUNT TO ACQUIRE SOMETHING MORE PRECIOUS WHEN...

"Reggie Strikes It Rich!"

REGINALD VANDER COOT ARRIVES AT P.S. 77... AND CREATES A SENSATION!

I TRUST YOU WILL ENJOY YOUR STAY IN THE NEW SCHOOL, MASTER REGINALD!

I SHALL, HECTOR, IF I AM TREATED AS BEFITS MY SOCIAL POSITION!



MY GOOD WOMAN, NEVER CALL ME BY MY FIRST NAME! I INSIST ON BEING ADDRESSED AS MISTER!

MY GOOD CHILD, YOU'LL BE SURPRISED BY THE WAY I SHALL ADDRESS YOU! ENTER YOUR CLASSROOM, PLEASE!

WOW! WHAT A SNOOTY BRAT!



LUNCHTIME... REGGIE EATS IN STYLE!

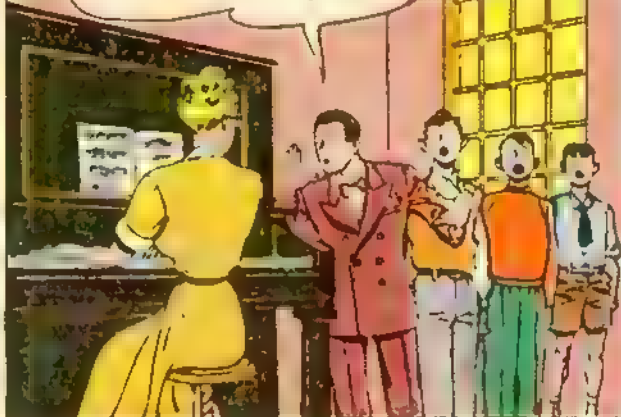
LOOK... HIS CHAUFFEUR BRINGS ALL THAT STUFF FOR HIM TO EAT. HE MUST HAVE A DELICATE STOMACH.

WELL, HE MAKES ME SICK TO MINE

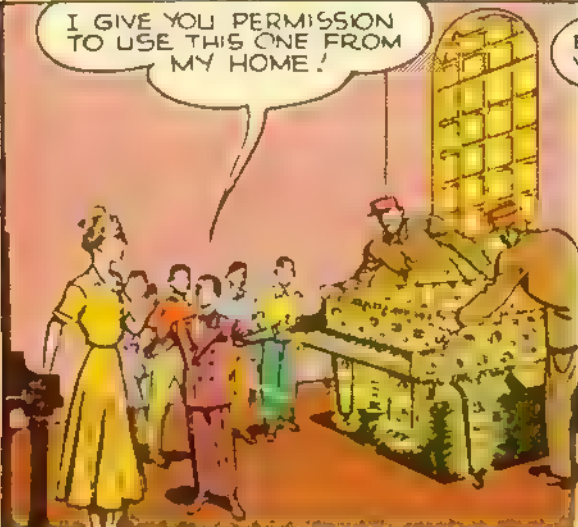


IN ASSEMBLY... AS SINGING BEGINS...

JUST A MOMENT, MISS SIMMONS... I EXPECTED YOUR PIANO WOULD HURT MY EARS, SO—



I GIVE YOU PERMISSION TO USE THIS ONE FROM MY HOME!



THIS PLACE ISN'T FANCY ENOUGH FOR HIM. WONDER WHY HIS FOLKS SENT HIM HERE?

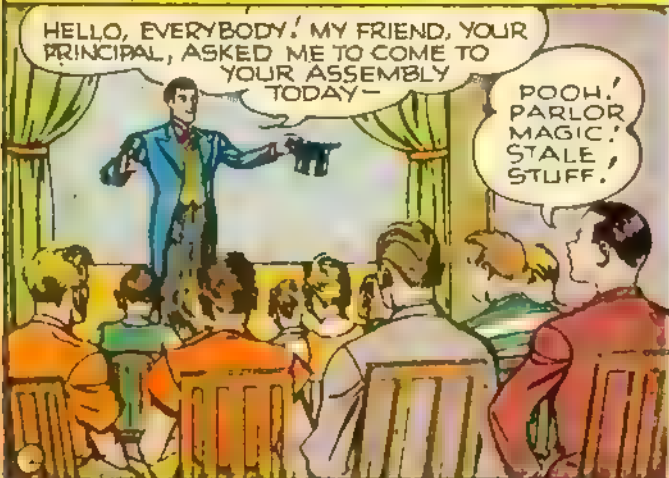
THAT'S RIGHT, BRATS LIKE HIM USUALLY GO TO PRIVATE SCHOOLS



BUT AS STUDENTS WONDER, ZATARA, MASTER MAGICIAN, APPEARS AS A SURPRISE ENTERTAINER!

HELLO, EVERYBODY! MY FRIEND, YOUR PRINCIPAL, ASKED ME TO COME TO YOUR ASSEMBLY TODAY—

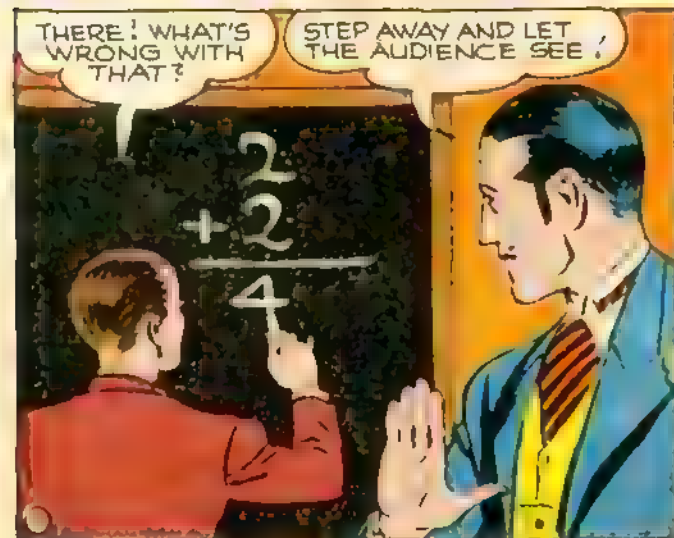
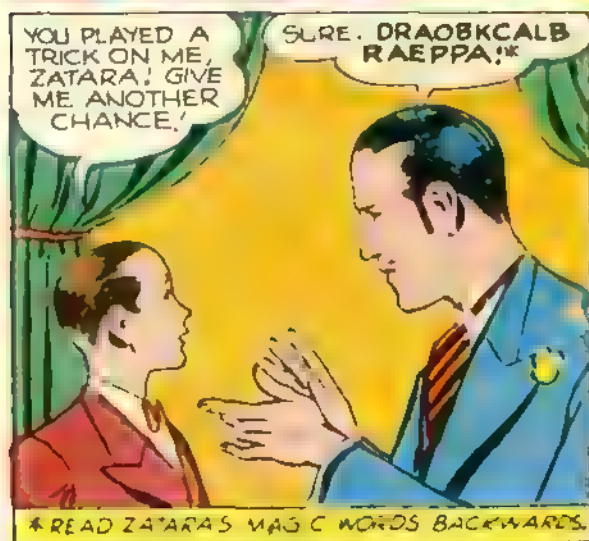
POOH! PARLOR MAGIC! STALE STUFF.



MY FRIEND... DO YOU KNOW HOW TO COUNT?

WHAT A SILLY QUESTION! MY FOLKS HAVE MILLIONS... I COULD COUNT THEM WHEN I WAS THREE.

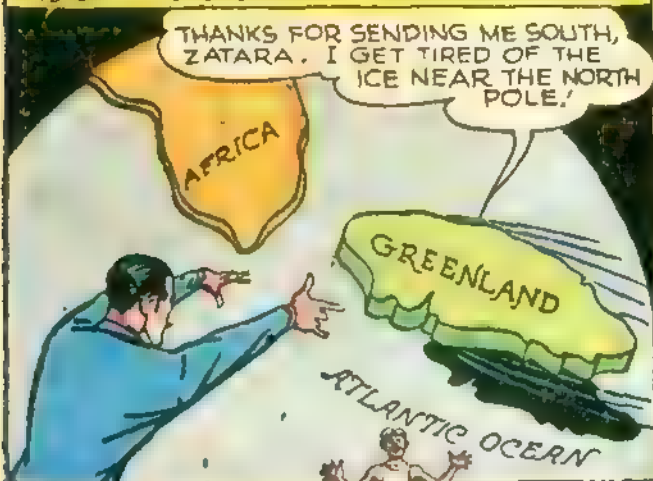






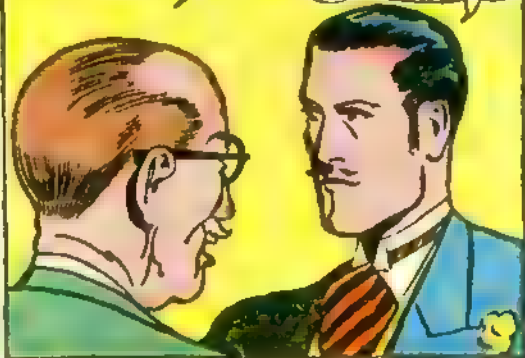
YES, ZATARA CAN MAKE HIS OWN ARITHMETIC, HISTORY AND GEOGRAPHY! HE CHANGES THE GLOBE!

THANKS FOR SENDING ME SOUTH, ZATARA. I GET TIRED OF THE ICE NEAR THE NORTH POLE!

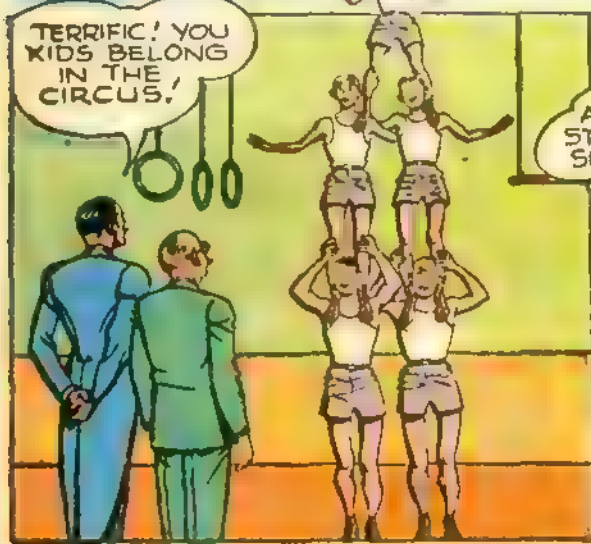


THAT WAS A WONDERFUL EXHIBITION OF MAGIC, ZATARA! AND NOW IT'S OUR TURN TO AMUSE YOU! IF YOU'LL COME TO THE GYMNASIUM...

WITH PLEASURE, MR PRINCIPAL!

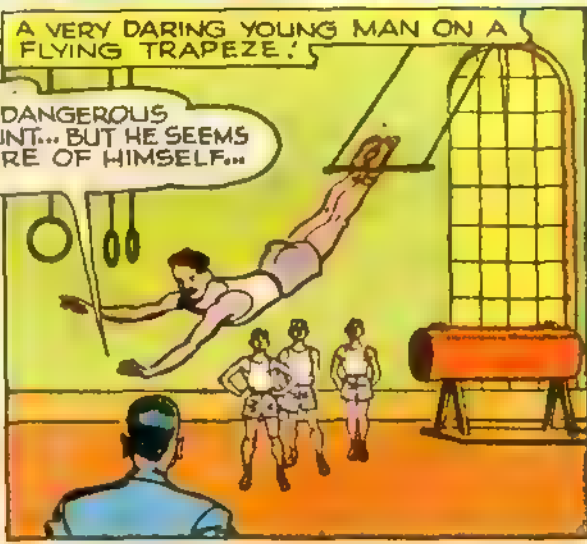


TERRIFIC! YOU KIDS BELONG IN THE CIRCUS!



A VERY DARING YOUNG MAN ON A FLYING TRAPEZE!

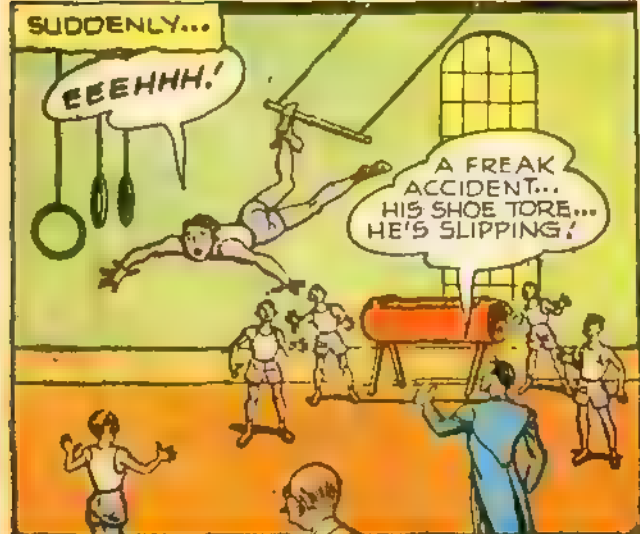
A DANGEROUS STUNT... BUT HE SEEMS SURE OF HIMSELF...



SUDDENLY...

EEHHHH!

A FREAK ACCIDENT... HIS SHOE TORE... HE'S SLIPPING!



ESROH, YLF PLI DNA EVAS MIH!



CONTINUED ON THIRD PAGE FOLLOWING

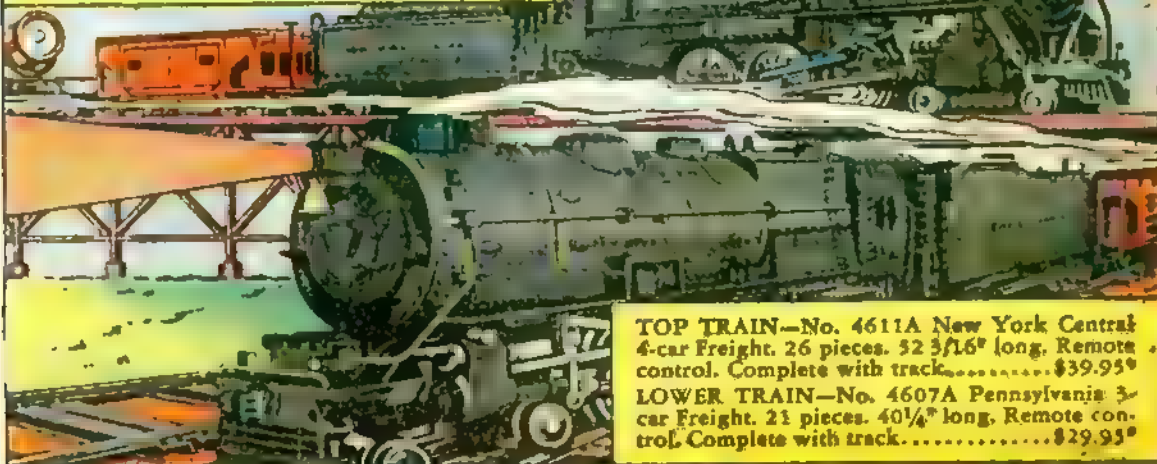
AMERICAN FLYER

Developed at the GILBERT HALL OF SCIENCE

WATCH
'EM PUFF
SMOKE!

HEAR 'EM
CHOO-CHOO

Only American Flyer has real smoke and realistic "choo-choo" sounds synchronized with train speed. The faster your train goes, the heavier are the puffs of smoke... the louder and faster the "choo-choos."



TOP TRAIN—No. 4611A New York Central 4-car Freight. 26 pieces. 32 3/16" long. Remote control. Complete with track.....\$39.95*

LOWER TRAIN—No. 4607A Pennsylvania 3-car Freight. 21 pieces. 40 1/4" long. Remote control. Complete with track.....\$29.95*

NEW TALKING RAILROAD STATION

HISS-SSS

WHO-O-O
...WHO-O-O

NEW YORK-
PHILADELPHIA-
CHICAGO-AND
ALL POINTS
WEST!

ALL ABOARD

CHUG-CHUG

PRICE
\$14.95*

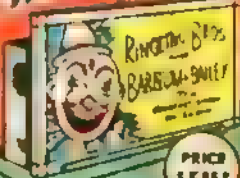


THIS BILLBOARD
WHISTLE WORKS WITH
ANY TRAIN SYSTEM—
BY REMOTE CONTROL!

SEE-
THAT 2-
RAIL "T"

TYPE TRACK LOOKS
JUST LIKE THE
TRACK OF A REAL
STEAM RAILROAD!

WHOO-WHOO



PRICE
\$5.95*

The new American Flyers bring you all the wonder and glory of railroading. They puff real smoke. They reproduce the "choo-choo" sounds of a real locomotive under full steam. Both smoke and "choo-choos" vary in intensity as you increase or decrease the speed of your train. Locomotives, tenders, cars and track are all built to uniform 3/16" scale, so that your train looks like real—hugs the track like real. And a two-loop track layout takes space only 6 feet square. Cars have automatic couplers that couple anywhere. Uncouple by remote control. Die-cast locomotives have superpower worm drive for smooth, steady pull at all speeds from a crawl to 120 scale miles per hour. See and hear the sensational American Flyers at your nearest toy or department store.

*Denser and wot, prices slightly higher

HURRY!
SEND FOR YOURS



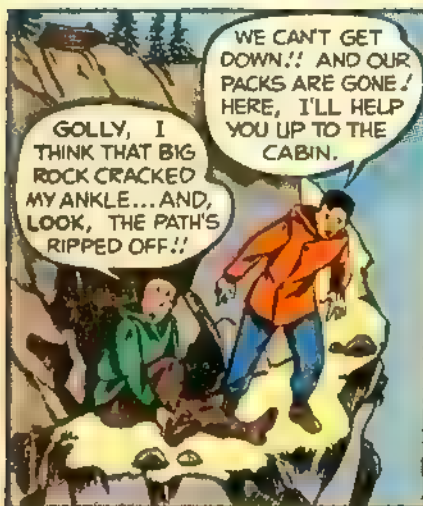
COLOSSAL TRAIN BOOK, 32 big pages with color illustrations of American Flyer trains, automatic log loader, coal loader and other sensational equipment. Mail coupon with 10¢. Gilbert Hall of Science 28 Erector Square, New Haven, Conn. I enclose 10¢. Rush colossal train book.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

WHEN A NEW YORK CITY THE GILBERT HALL OF SCIENCE FIFTH AVE AND 25TH ST ADMISSION FREE!



Cap. 1948 Ray-O-Vac Company, Meriden, Conn.
Ray-O-Vac Canada Ltd., Winnipeg, Man.

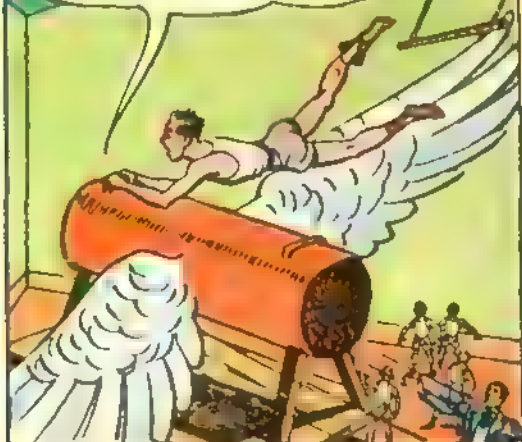
Only RAY-O-VAC makes batteries this way



ASK FOR RAY-O-VAC LEAK PROOFS THEY'RE GUARANTEED



EASY, PAL! YOU'VE DONE PLENTY OF STUNTS ON ME... NOW IT'S MY TURN TO STUNT!

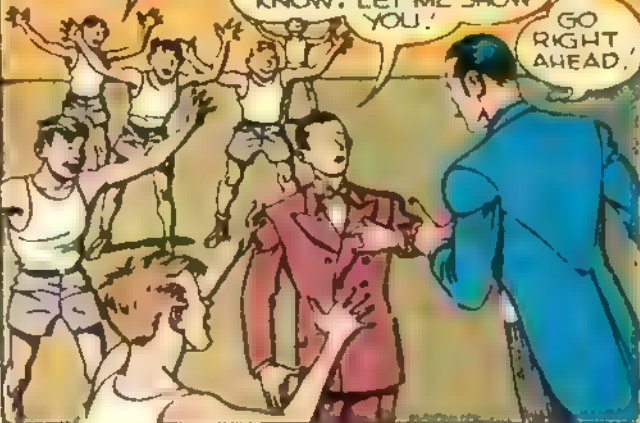


AS THE THRILLED CROWD APPLAUDS THE RESCUE...

'RAY FOR ZATARA!'

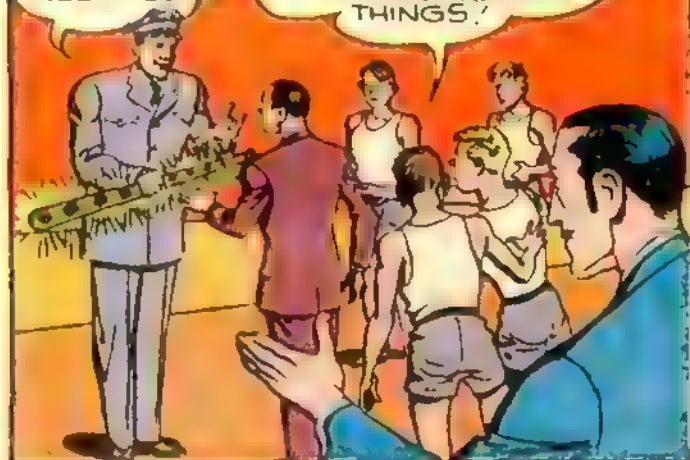
I SAY, ZATARA... I'M QUITE GOOD AT ATHLETICS, YOU KNOW! LET ME SHOW YOU!

GO RIGHT AHEAD!



YOUR SPECIAL BAT, MASTER REGINALD

EVERYTHING SPECIAL! THIS KID THINKS HE'S TOO GOOD FOR ORDINARY THINGS!



YES, I THINK REGGIE'S BEEN SPOILED BY TOO MUCH MONEY! PERHAPS I CAN TEACH HIM THAT THERE ARE SOME THINGS MONEY CAN'T BUY!



GREAT SCOTT, I NEVER SAW A CURVE LIKE THAT BEFORE!



AND AS ZATARA ALLOWS REGGIE TO HIT THE BALL...

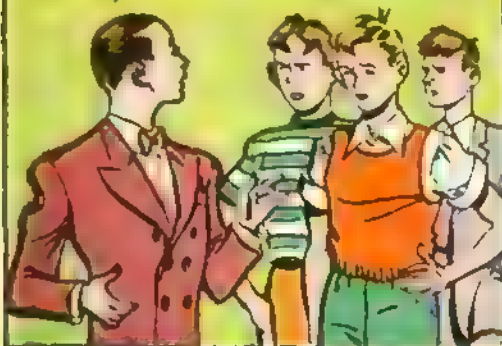
YIPPEE... I NEVER GREW SO FAST IN MY LIFE!





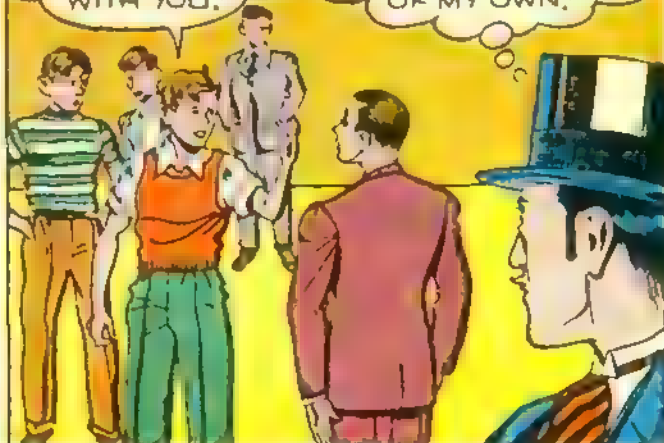
AFTER SCHOOL...

IF ANY OF YOU CHAPS
WILL DO MY ARITHMETIC
FOR ME... I'LL PAY
YOU WELL!



SCRAM! WE DON'T
WANT TO HAVE
ANYTHING TO DO
WITH YOU!

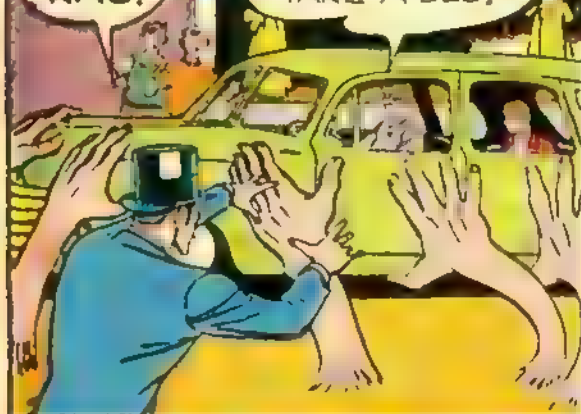
THAT SHOULD WAKE
HIM UP! NOW I'LL
ADD A FEW LESSONS
OF MY OWN.



AND SO, NEXT DAY...

DAOR
BARG
RAC!

WE'RE STUCK,
MASTER REGINALD!
YOU'LL HAVE TO
TAKE A BUS.



BUT WHEN REGGIE TRIES TO PAY HIS FARE...

SORRY, OLD CHAP,
ALL I HAVE IS
THIS HUNDRED
DOLLAR BILL...

YEAH? WELL, I AIN'T
ROCKEFELLER, AND I
DON'T HAVE CHANGE!
OFF THE BUS,
KID!



REGGIE WALKS! AND AT LUNCH...

MY CHAUFFEUR COULDN'T
DELIVER LUNCH TODAY...
I'LL PAY YOU WELL
FOR YOURS, OLD
CHAP!

I WOULDN'T SELL
YOU MY LUNCH IF
YOU WERE STARVING!
BUT I'LL GIVE
YOU HALF.

HGIWDNAS, EMOCEB
EVIF-REKCED!

GEE, I
DIDN'T
REALIZE MOM
MADE ME SUCH
A BIG ONE!





UNEXPECTEDLY, IN THE MIDDLE OF LUNCH...

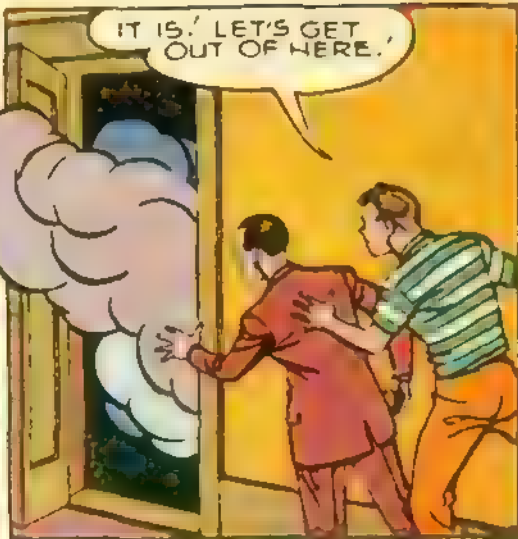
FIRE DRILL! THEY PICKED A FUNNY TIME FOR IT!

IT MAY BE A REAL FIRE!

RRRRING!



IT IS! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!



SOMEONE FAILED TO GET OUT... NO CHAUFFEUR TO HELP ME... I SUPPOSE I'LL HAVE TO ACT MYSELF!



LOOK, HE SAVED JOHNNY MILLIGAN... MAYBE HE ISN'T SUCH A BAD GUY AFTER ALL!

THIS ISN'T AS EASY AS GETTING THINGS DONE WITH MONEY... BUT IT'S MORE SATISFYING!



AS REGGIE RESTS AFTER HIS EFFORTS...

REGINALD, DARLING, YOU LOOK AWFUL! BUT YOU NEEDN'T STAY IN THIS HORRID PLACE ANY LONGER... WE'VE FOUND A PRIVATE SCHOOL THAT WILL ACCEPT YOU!

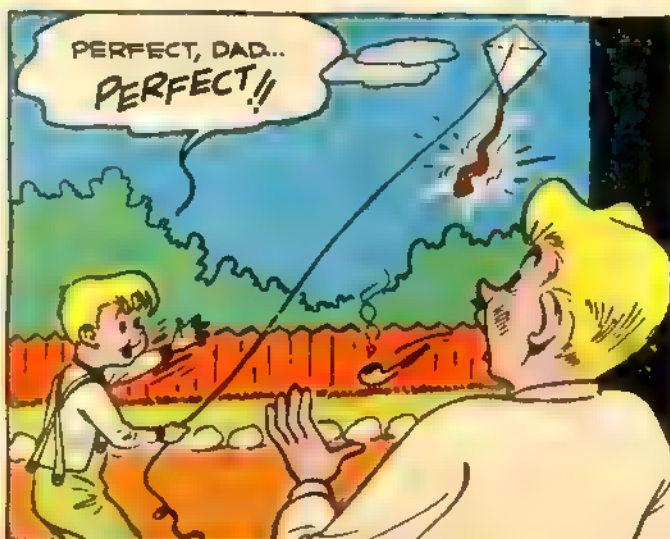
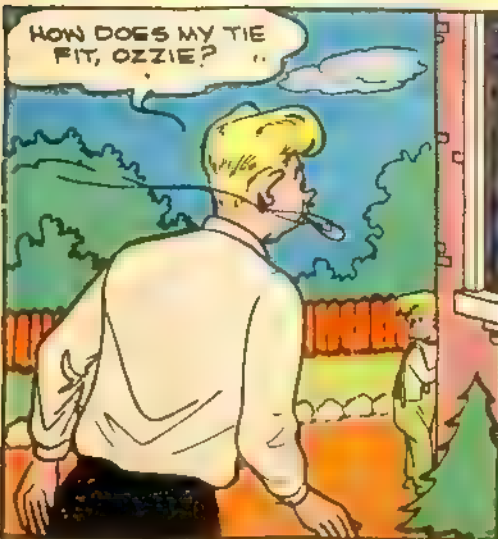
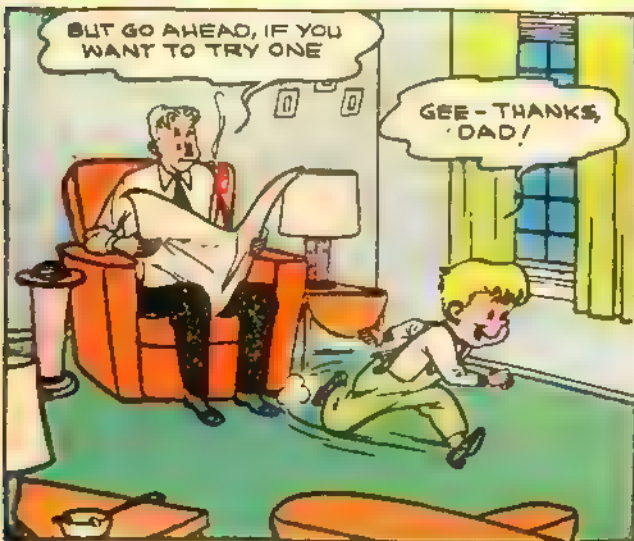
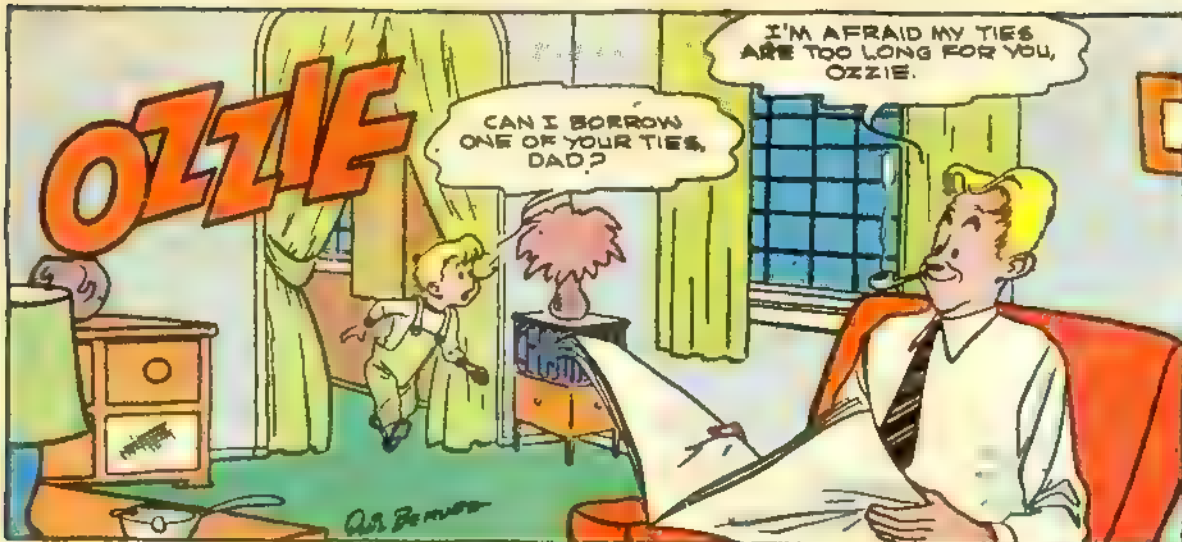
THAT'S WHY HE CAME HERE... COULDN'T GET INTO ANYPLACE ELSE!



NEVER MIND THE PRIVATE SCHOOL MOTHER, I LIKE IT HERE! I'VE FOUND A FEW THINGS—LIKE FRIENDSHIP—THAT MONEY COULDN'T BUY!

SO I HELPED TEACH HIM THAT AFTER ALL... THAT'S A BIGGER MIRACLE THAN I EVER PERFORMED BEFORE!



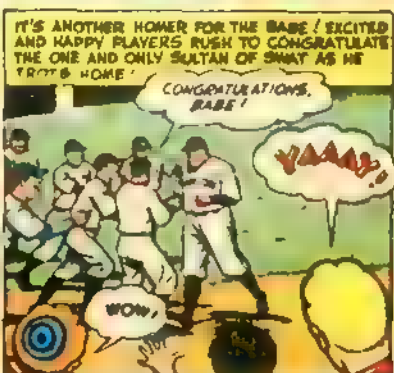
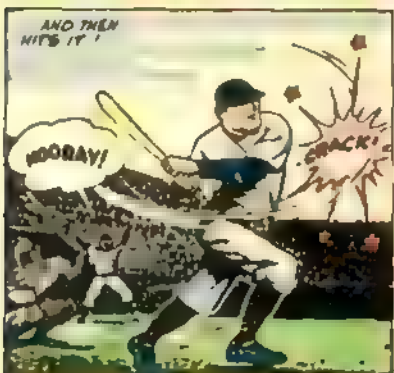
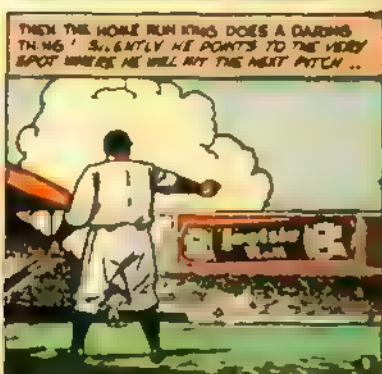
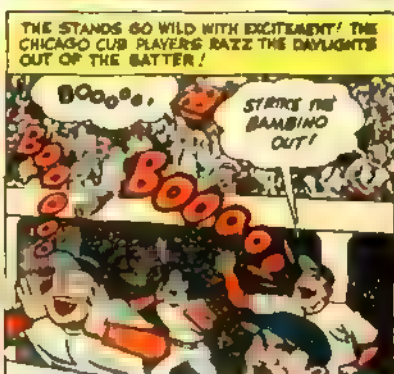
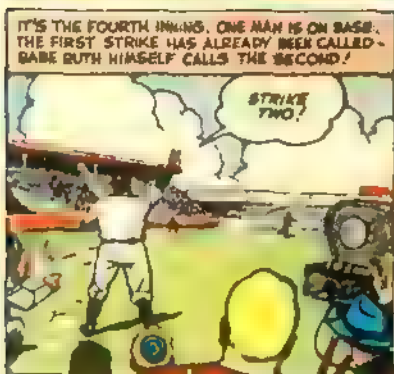
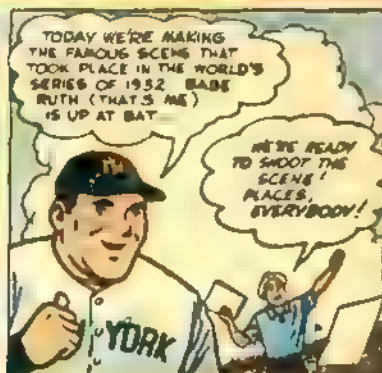
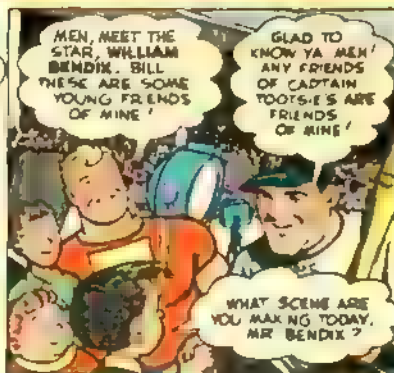
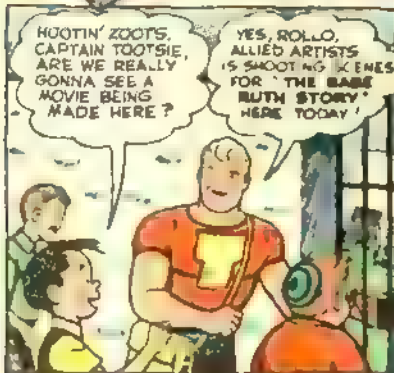




TOOTSIE

and THE BABE RUTH STORYSM

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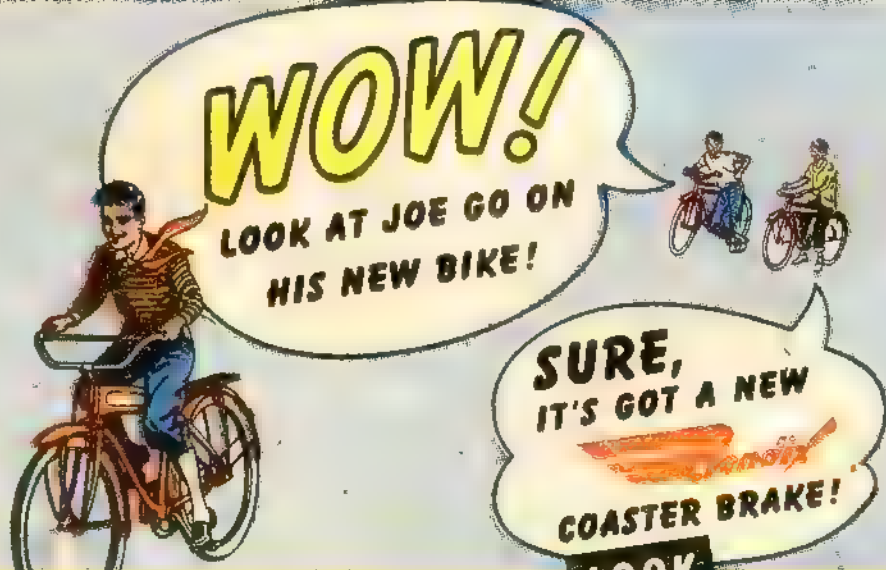


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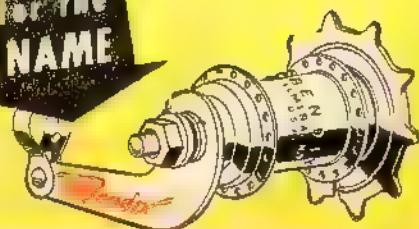
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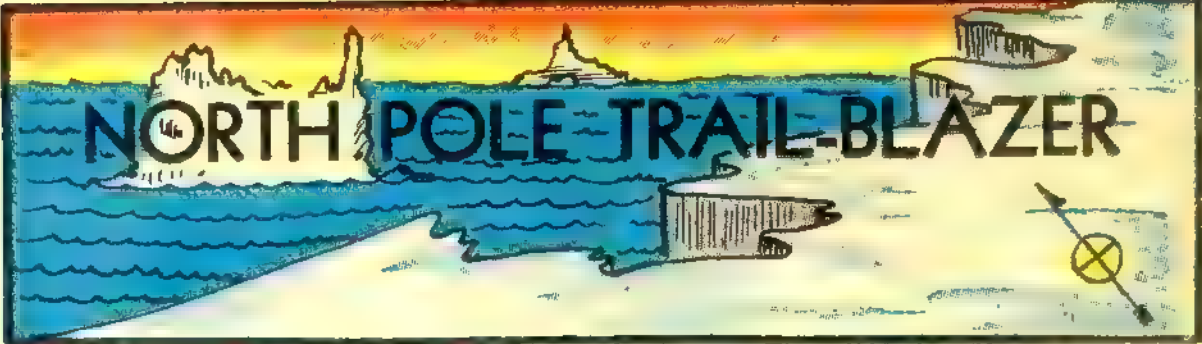
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IN New York City there lives a bony, eighty year old man who is fond of sitting in the sun. People pass him by, seeing nothing more unusual than a kindly old man, resting out the sunset years of his life.

Yet this bony man who can hardly walk is one of America's greatest explorers, a man who has written a saga of rare heroism across the frozen snow fields of the Arctic.

His name is Matthew A. Henson, the first Negro explorer of North America. The exploits of this ex-ship's carpenter who served under Admiral Robert E. Peary for almost twenty years, 1891 to 1909, in the Arctic, are legendary.

This great Negro explorer displayed rare courage and resourcefulness in a day when exploring was really tough. For in Henson's time, there were no airplanes to signal when one ran out of food or supplies. Henson didn't have modern sighting instruments, powerful walkie-talkie radios, flares or detailed maps, or motor-driven "snow cats" that scoot along the ice like mechanical panthers. Then everything depended on the individual, his imagination and guts. So valuable was Henson, that Admiral Peary once said, "I couldn't get along without him."

Tall husky Henson was a superb hunter. He was a wizard with tools, and could repair or improvise new sledges torn apart by the jagged ice. He was wonderful with animals and trained the Eskimo dogs for the expedition. Eskimos loved Henson and called him "Muy Paulk," roughly translated, "Good Friend." He was one of the few Arctic explorers ever to take the trouble to master the Eskimo or Aleut language.

Henson's quick thinking is still marveled at. There was the time when a horned musk ox charged Admiral Peary. Out of the snowy fluff it came, its horns bearing down like two swords. Henson kept his head. Quickly he lifted his rifle. It was so cold that he could hardly pull the trigger through the ice-encrusted mittens. But Henson thrust his fingers forward, pumped twice, and the musk ox collapsed, saving Peary from being slashed to ribbons.

Henson's scouting genius will never be forgotten. Once, Admiral Peary's expedition was lost. It had been lost many times in its attempt to break through to the North Pole, but this time rescue looked hopeless. The men were red-eyed, hungry; and the dog teams were moaning their grief. Worriedly, Peary conferred with Henson. If they didn't find food or shelter from the icy thrusts of the 50 below zero temperature, they would all perish. Only one chance remained: somewhere out in the snowy darkness was a base set up fifteen years before by an explorer who had tried, unsuccessfully, to reach the North Pole.

Nobody knew exactly where this base was, and after fifteen years it might be completely destroyed by heavy snow drifts. But Henson nodded. Tying a heavy rope to his waist as a guide back, he stalked out into the icy night. If that base weren't found, years of planning, struggle, their very lives, would be over. The howling wind poured its icy fury upon the Peary band as they stood there, hungry and unsheltered. The time passed, and Peary thought of the months of hope, courage, and hours they

had spent raising the funds for his expedition. All would be in vain if help didn't come soon. Suddenly, the dogs set up an excited yipping. Henson had returned, a courageous grin on his icy lips. He had found the base! Before long, Henson led them to it, and soon they were all warming themselves by a squat iron stove, and restoring their energy with biscuits and salt pork, perfectly preserved by the weather, even after fifteen years.

Despite years of discouragement, Peary and Henson continued their efforts to reach the North Pole. The burden fell more and more on Henson. For Peary had to be carried along on a sledge now—frost-bite had caused amputation of eight of his toes. Henson had to watch everything like a hawk—the provisions, the health of the dogs whom he loved. Often the Eskimos wanted to give up, but it was Henson who talked to them, and they stuck with the expedition.

When sledges broke down, Henson improvised new leather thongs out of the hides of musk oxen. While waiting for the Arctic to calm down for another try at the North Pole, he entertained himself by absorbing Eskimo folklore. He got to know their games, songs, legends. In these slow times, Peary and he planned the final dash to the Pole in 1909. Henson's courage and skill were all put to the test on that final trip.

Often he had to push heavy sledges over jagged ice formations that were too difficult for the dog teams. Often the tundra buckled beneath him, as huge ice floes, 150 feet high, several stories in length and depth, ground against the ice the expedition moved on. Often the musk-hide lashings burst, and the provisions—food, stoves, and equipment would go tumbling over the ice, some of it lost for good. The race was on to reach the Pole quickly—before spring set in. For when spring came, the warmth would melt some of the ice, and the footing would be dangerous.

Finally, came the glorious day, April 6, 1909, when Henson and Peary reached the

goal they had been driving for for almost twenty years, the northernmost top of the universe, the North Pole.

It was just another piece of frozen tundra but it meant that man had again pushed back the frontiers of science and geography. That night the winds tore their make-shift snow huts and sleeping blankets, yet Peary and Henson were happy. They stood there for thirty hours, making surveys but since every minute of delay thrust them closer to disaster, Henson and Peary prepared to break camp.

With Peary lashed to the sledge, Henson pushed off for the home base—it was a race between starvation and courage. Food was pitifully low, and most of it was needed by the dog teams. Then one night, frozen and red-eyed, Henson forced himself to burn one of the sledges for fuel. Caring for Peary, the dogs, watching the remaining sledges, Henson forced himself on. His body was a mass of bruises, his skin scraped and torn by repeated falls on the treacherous ice.

Fatigue and great hunger were Henson's companions on this forced march but he pushed on, a walking skeleton leading a lonely procession of gaunt dogs, formerly "Huskies", and an injured explorer on a much-battered sledge. How this Arctic trail-blazer got back to the home base is an exploring saga that will live forever.

Recently, the pioneer Negro explorer was rewarded by the U.S. Government for his courage with a silver medallion. On it is inscribed a snow scene portraying Henson's Arctic story. And with it came an embossed inscription: "To Matthew A. Henson FOR: outstanding services to the government of the United States in the field of science, braving rigorous weather, hazards of unexplored regions; FOR: contributing materially to the success of the expedition in the discovery of the North Pole."

Yes, the bony, eighty year old man has earned all the sunshine he can get in his remaining years.

—David Stanley

TRODWELL,

The tramp...



PHIL BERUBE

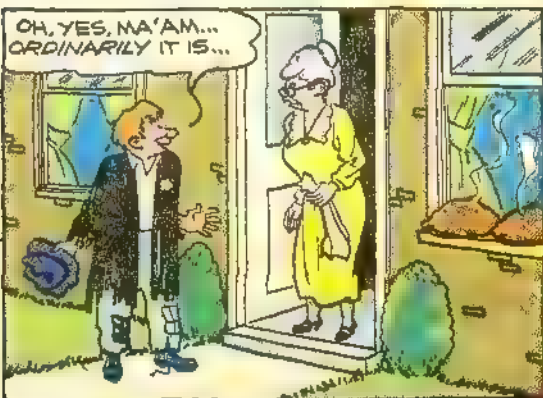
GOOD AFTERNOON, LADY...
COULD YA' SPARE ME A PIECE
OF THAT DELICIOUS-LOOKING
PIE?



DE? WHAT'S THE MATTER?
ISN'T BREAD GOOD
ENOUGH FOR YOU?



OH, YES, MA'AM...
ORDINARILY IT IS...



BUT TODAY IS MY *BIRTHDAY*
AND I WANT TO CELEBRATE!!



ADVERT SEMENT

MOST EXCITING BOOT YOU

EVER SAW!



THE HOOD **ROCKET BOOT**
MADE SPECIALLY FOR BOYS!

Footwear by

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a sure sign they're good

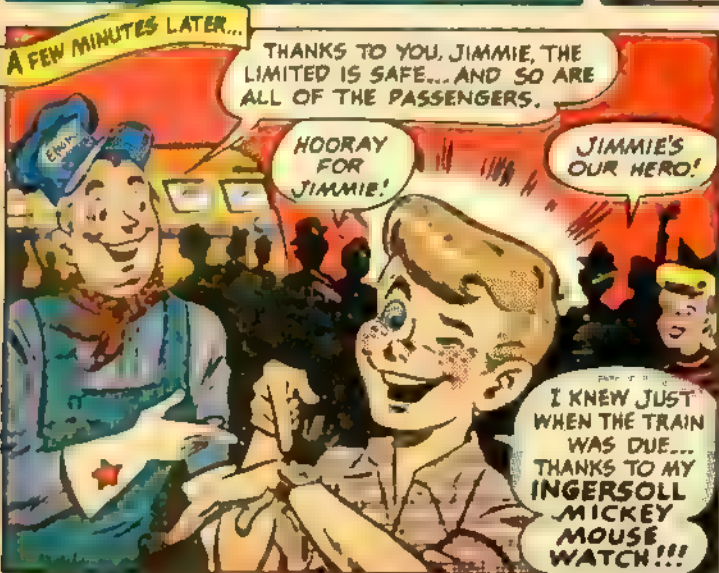
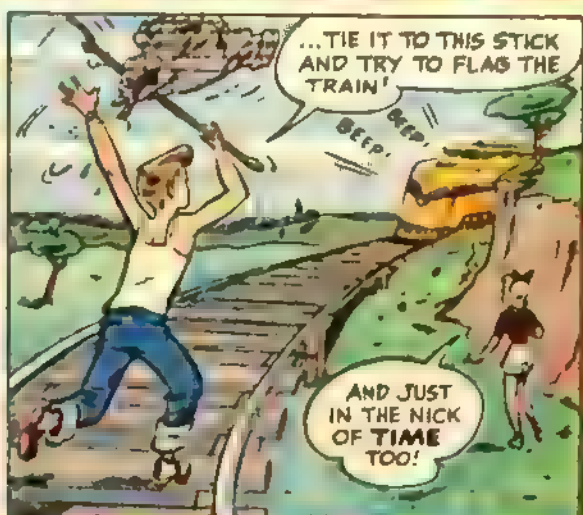
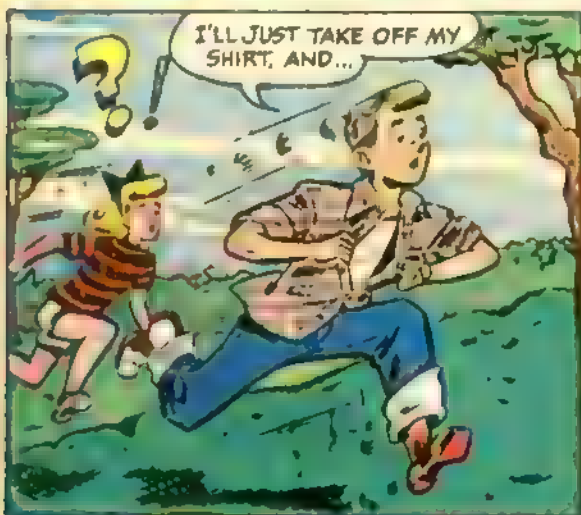
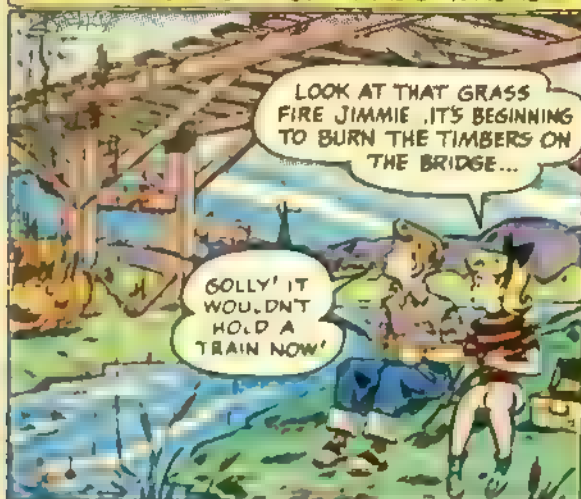
BRAND NEW! 'A TOUGH
AND STURDY OVER-THE-
SHOE RUBBER BOOT TO
BAT AROUND IN SLEET
AND SLUSH! ALL THE
GANG WILL WANT 'EM!

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF "P-R" CANVAS SHOES.

JIMMIE SAVES THE LIMITED

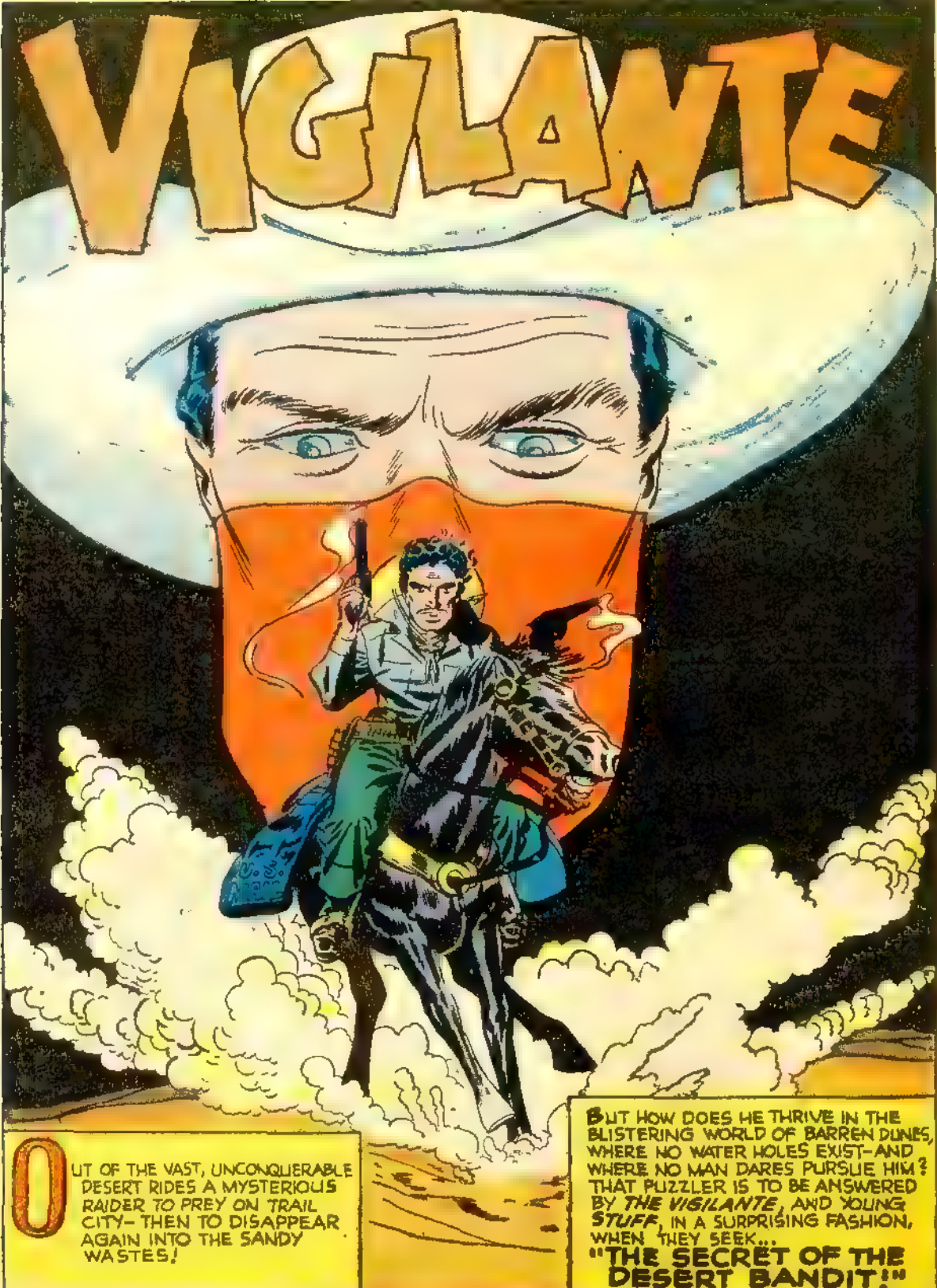
BY *Bill Williams*

ONE FINE DAY JIMMIE AND JUDY WERE ON A PICNIC



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U.S. Time, world's largest manufacturer of wrist watches make Mickey Mouse - a REAL GOOD watch. Tops in looks too. shiny chrome case, washable red vinyl strap.



OUT OF THE VAST, UNCONQUERABLE DESERT RIDES A MYSTERIOUS RAIDER TO PREY ON TRAIL CITY— THEN TO DISAPPEAR AGAIN INTO THE SANDY WASTES!

BUT HOW DOES HE THRIVE IN THE BLISTERING WORLD OF BARREN DUNES, WHERE NO WATER HOLES EXIST—AND WHERE NO MAN DARES PURSUE HIM? THAT PUZZLER IS TO BE ANSWERED BY *THE VIGILANTE*, AND *YOUNG STUFF*, IN A SURPRISING FASHION, WHEN THEY SEEK...
"THE SECRET OF THE DESERT BANDIT!"



IT'S A RARE TREAT FOR THE FOLKS OF TRAIL CITY—THE CIRCUS HAS COME TO TOWN!



LATER, GREG SANDERS, FAMED PRAIRIE TROUBADOR, AND HIS YOUNG PARTNER, STUFF, JOIN THE FUN-SEEKERS ALONG THE MIDWAY...

NEXT TO CHASIN' OUT LAWS—THE CIRCUS IS THE BEST THING ON EARTH!

LET'S STOP AT THE TARGET RANGE, STUFF!



THREE SHOTS FOR A QUARTER! STEP UP, COWBOYS!



BANG BLAM
BANG BLAM

LISTEN! SOUNDS LIKE A SMALL WAR GOIN' ON OVER THERE!



A "SMALL WAR" IS JUST ABOUT RIGHT—FOR AT THAT MOMENT A DARING OUTLAW SHOOTS HIS WAY OUT OF THE RED RIVER BANK...

I SAID NO ONE WAS STOPPIN' ME! OUT I GO, HOMBRES!

BLAM!



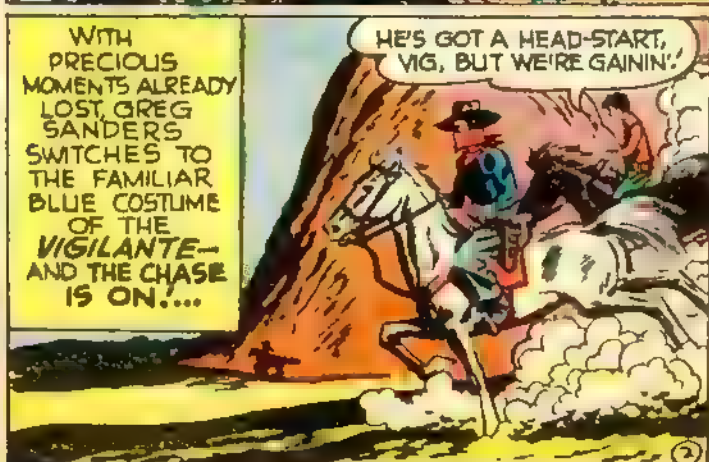
IT'S THE DESERT BANDIT! AN' HE'S GETTIN' AWAY AGAIN!

GET THE SHERIFF!



WITH PRECIOUS MOMENTS ALREADY LOST, GREG SANDERS SWITCHES TO THE FAMILIAR BLUE COSTUME OF THE VIGILANTE—AND THE CHASE IS ON....

HE'S GOT A HEAD-START, VIG, BUT WE'RE GAININ'!





SECONDS LATER, WHEN
THE PURSUERS ROUND
THE BEND IN THE TRAIL...

THE RATTLESNAKE
VANISHED! WHERE'D
HE GO—IN THE DESERT
YONDER, OR UP THE
TRAIL TO THE WEST?

THAT'S EASY!
HE TOOK THE
WEST TRAIL THROUGH
THE SCRUBLANDS!
ANYBODY'D KNOW
THAT!

NO MAN WOULD START
OUT ON THE DESERT WITH-
OUT A LOAD O' EXTRA WATER!
I SAY THE OUTLAW TOOK THE
WEST TRAIL—AN' I'M SO
SURE OF IT THAT I'LL VOW
I WON'T RIDE A HORSE
FOR A MONTH IF
I'M WRONG!

HMM...
SO YOU'RE
REAL SURE OF
THAT, EH?

ABRUPTLY,
A GROUP
OF HORSE-
MEN
APPEAR,
RIDING ON
THE WEST
TRAIL...

IT'S THE VIGILANTE,
BOYS! DID YUH GET
THAT BANDIT
HOMBRE,
VIG?

NO—DIDN'T
HE RIDE
THIS
WAY?



NOPE— HE ALWAYS HEADS INTO
THE DESERT. CAN'T UNDERSTAND
WHAT HAPPENS TO HIM AFTER
THAT! HE JUST CAN'T CARRY
ENOUGH WATER TO MAKE IT
CLEAR ACROSS, YET IF HE
DON'T GO CROSS-DESERT,
WHERE **DOES** HE GO?

WELL,
ADIOS!

≡GULP≡

AS FOR YOU, MY
YOUNG MAVERICK—
DON'T FORGET YOUR
VOW! YOU WERE
WRONG—SO YOU
CAN'T RIDE A HOSS
FOR A MONTH!

ME AN' MY
BIG MOUTH!

WELL, THERE'S **ONE** TYPE OF
HORSE STUFF **CAN** RIDE
WITHOUT BREAKING HIS VOW...

THIS'LL TEACH YUH NOT TO
BE TOO FAST WITH WRONG
GUESSES! AN' YUH GOT 29
DAYS TO GO YET!

HA HA
HA HA
HA HA

YUH DONT
HAFTA RUB
IT IN!

BUT, MEANWHILE, THE DARING DESERT BANDIT RETURNS FOR ANOTHER RAID-AND, AS THE MAIL BAGS ARE CARRIED INSIDE THE TRAIL CITY POST OFFICE...



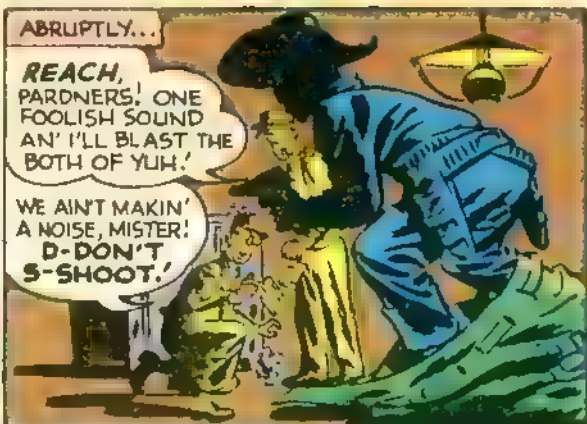
JEST SET IT OVER THERE, GUS!

THIS IS SIMPLE! JUST HIDE INSIDE THIS OLD MAIL BAG I SWIPED LAST WEEK-AN' LET 'EM CARRY ME INSIDE! HA, HA!

ABRUPTLY...

REACH, PARDNERS! ONE FOOLISH SOUND AN' I'LL BLAST THE BOTH OF YUH!

WE AINT MAKIN' A NOISE, MISTER! D-DON'T S-SHOOT!



IN BRIEF SECONDS, THE SAFE IS ROBBED, THEN...



IT'S THE DESERT BANDIT!

TH' SHERIFF'LL GIT YUH THIS TIME, YUH THIEVIN' COYOTE!

HA, HA! BY THE TIME THE SHERIFF RIDES AFTER ME, I'LL BE SAFE IN THE DESERT. NO ONE FOLLOWS ME THERE!

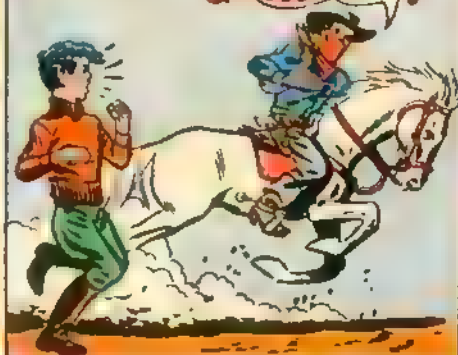
IN THE SHADOWS OF THE STABLE, GREG SANDERS QUICKLY DONS THE FAMED COSTUME OF THE VIGILANTE!



VIG! WHAT ABOUT ME?

SORRY, STUFF! REMEMBER YOUR VOW?--YOU CAN'T RIDE A HOSS FOR A MONTH! THIS IS ONE JOB YOU MISS!

GIDDAP, BOY!



OUT ON THE TRAIL, THE BLUE-CLAD DEPUTY OF JUSTICE JOINS THE PURSUING POSSE...

DAD BLAME IT, HE BEAT US AGAIN! I AINT SENDIN' MY MEN INTO THAT DEATH TRAP!

SOMEONE'S GOT TO GO OUT, SHERRIP! THAT BANDIT'S MAKIN' A HOLIDAY OUT O' THESE RAIDS!



IT AINT NO USE, VIGILANTE! THAT CRITTER HAS A SECRET O' CROSSIN' THE DESERT WITHOUT WATER! WE CAN'T DO A BLAMED THING TILL WE LEARN THE SECRET!

IT'S SURE SOME SECRET! WONDER HOW HE GOES OUT THERE WITHOUT EXTRA WATER FOR HIS HOSS AN' HIMSELF?



THEN, THE SOUND OF AN
APPROACHING RIDER...

I KNOW A WAY O' FINDIN'
OUT THE BANDIT'S SECRET!
AN' I DON'T HAVE TO RIDE
A HOSS TO DO IT.

STUFF!

ON A
CAMEL!

C'MON, HECTOR! THE CIRCUS
PEOPLE SAID YOU COULD GO
THREE DAYS WITHOUT
WATER! LET'S RIDE!

WAIT A
MINUTE,
YUH
MAVERICK!

SWISH!

I **THOUGHT**
YOU'D
WANT TO
HITCH A
RIDE.

WELL! YUH FIGURED
OUT A WAY O' JOININ'
THE CHASE WITHOUT
BREAKIN' YOUR VOW!
AN' A SMART WAY
IT WAS, TOO, STUFF!

A CAMEL CAN
GO A RIGHT
LONG TIME
WITHOUT A
DRINK!

I BET WE
FIND THAT CROOK'S
SECRET WITH HECTOR,
VIG! ALL WE HAVE
TO DO IS PICK UP
HIS TRAIL.
GIDDAP, HECTOR!

IN SHORT SECONDS, THE SKY IS DARK WITH SAND AS THE
STORM HITS WITH FULL IMPACT...

TWO HOURS UNDER A BLAZING
SUN... THEN HECTOR SNORTS UN-
EASILY AS HE SNIFFS THE AIR...

STAND STILL
HECTOR!
WHAT'S UP?

I READ ABOUT CAMELS
BEIN' ABLE TO **SMELL**
A SAND STORM! HECTOR'S
TRYIN' TO WARN US,
LET'S GET DOWN!

SNORT

HECTOR WILL LIE DOWN
FACIN' **AWAY** FROM THE WIND!
AN' LIKE THE DESERT FOLKS,
WE'LL GET DOWN BESIDE
HIM! **QUICK**, OR THE
SAND'LL CHOKE YUH!

THEY LIE MOTIONLESS UNTIL THE FURY SPENDS ITSELF...



UP WE GO-AN' BACK ON THE TRAIL! THE STORM'S FINISHED!

ANY THANKS TO HECTOR'S WARNIN', WE'RE STILL ALIVE!



ON THEY TREK, AND AS THE SUN REACHES HIGH NOON, THE HEAT BECOMES UNBEARABLE...

VIG! I CAN'T STAND IT! IT'S SO HOT...I-I'M BURNIN' UP!

TAKE ANOTHER SWALLOW OF WATER FROM THE CANTEEN! NOT TOO MUCH, THOUGH!



THEN, THERE BEFORE THEIR BLURRED EYES, THEY SEE A MAGNIFICENT CITY RISING FROM THE STRETCH OF WHITE...

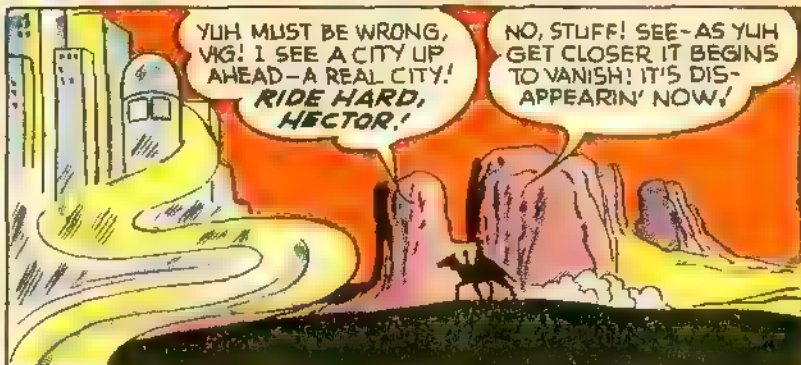


VIG! LOOK AT THE TOWN UP AHEAD!

KEEP YOUR HEAD, STUFF! IT'S ONLY A MIRAGE! THEY HAPPEN VERY OFTEN ON THE DESERT!

YUH MUST BE WRONG, VIG! I SEE A CITY UP AHEAD-A REAL CITY! RIDE HARD, HECTOR!

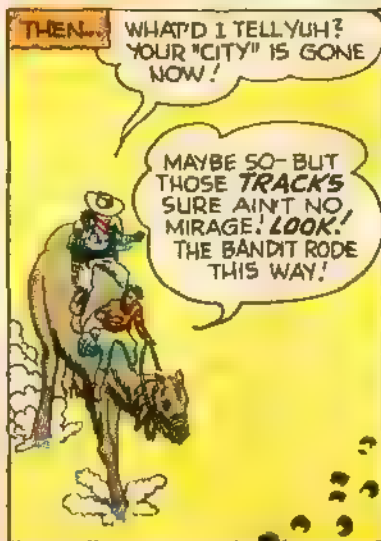
NO, STUFF! SEE-AS YUH GET CLOSER IT BEGINS TO VANISH! IT'S DIS-APPEARIN' NOW!



THEN...

WHAT'D I TELL YUH? YOUR "CITY" IS GONE NOW!

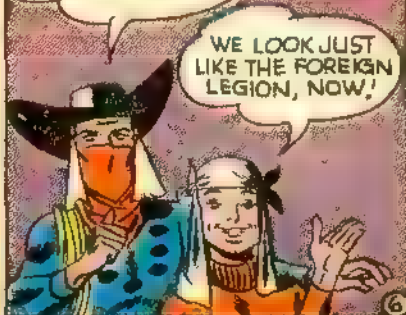
MAYBE SO-BUT THOSE *TRACKS* SURE AINT NO MIRAGE! LOOK! THE BANDIT RODE THIS WAY!



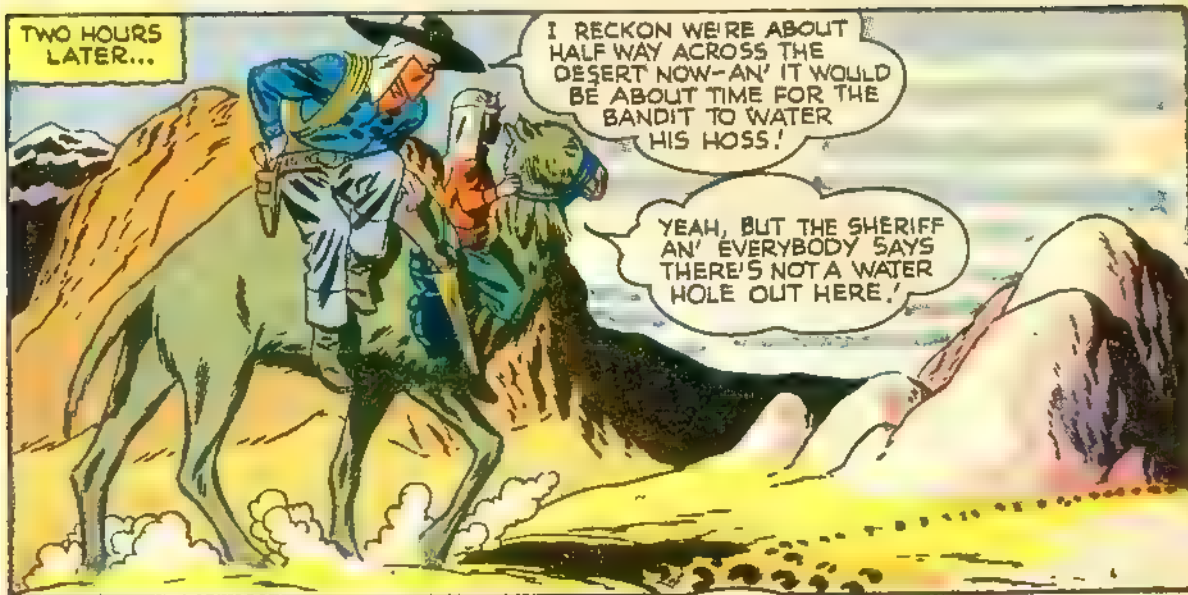
A MOMENT LATER...

IT'S HIM, ALL RIGHT! BUT BEFORE WE GO LOCO FROM THE HEAT, LET'S MAKE A COUPLE O *BURNOOSES*--USED BY THE DESERT PEOPLE TO KEEP THE BACK O' THEIR HEADS AND NECKS COOL!

WE LOOK JUST LIKE THE FOREIGN LEGION, NOW!



TWO HOURS
LATER...



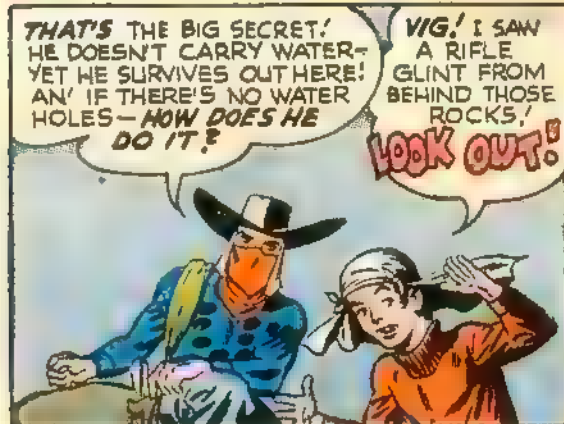
I RECKON WE'RE ABOUT
HALF WAY ACROSS THE
DESERT NOW-AN' IT WOULD
BE ABOUT TIME FOR THE
BANDIT TO WATER
HIS HOSS!

YEAH, BUT THE SHERIFF
AN' EVERYBODY SAYS
THERE'S NOT A WATER
HOLE OUT HERE!

THAT'S THE BIG SECRET!
HE DOESN'T CARRY WATER-
YET HE SURVIVES OUT HERE!
AN' IF THERE'S NO WATER
HOLES--HOW DOES HE
DO IT?

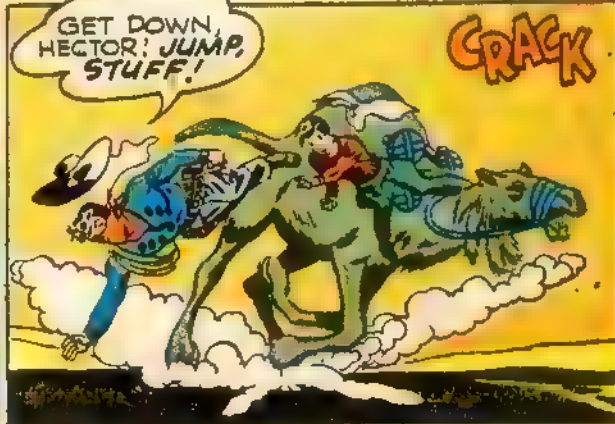
VIG! I SAW
A RIFLE
GLINT FROM
BEHIND THOSE
ROCKS!

LOOK OUT!



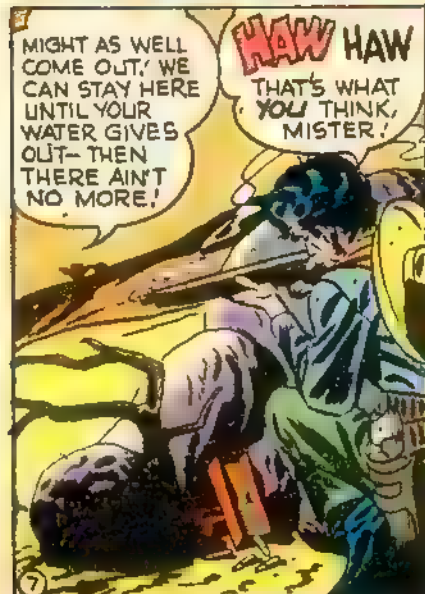
GET DOWN
HECTOR! JUMP,
STUFF!

CRACK

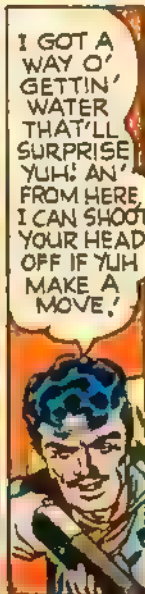


MIGHT AS WELL
COME OUT, WE
CAN STAY HERE
UNTIL YOUR
WATER GIVES
OUT-- THEN
THERE AIN'T
NO MORE!

HAW HAW
THAT'S WHAT
YOU THINK,
MISTER!



I GOT A
WAY O'
GETTIN'
WATER
THAT'LL
SURPRISE
YUH! AN'
FROM HERE
I CAN SHOOT
YOUR HEAD
OFF IF YUH
MAKE A
MOVE!

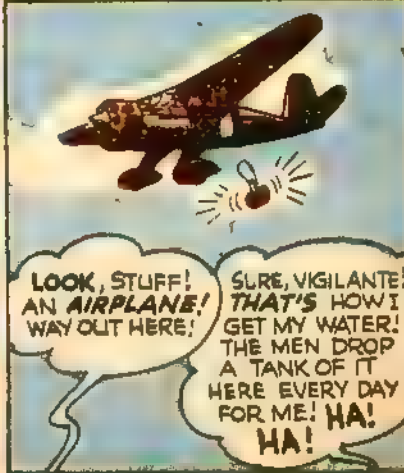


WATCH
IT!

CRACK
WHREBEE

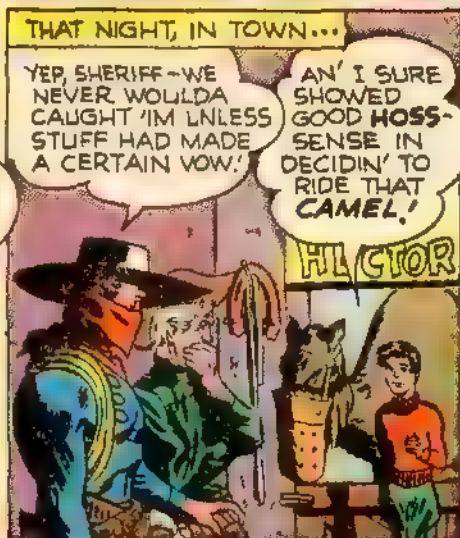
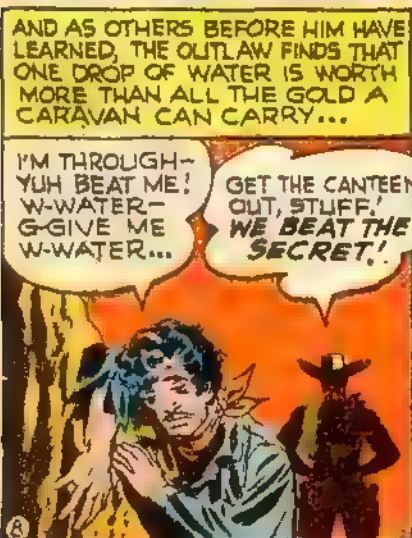
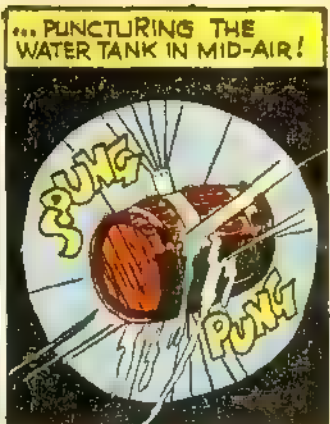
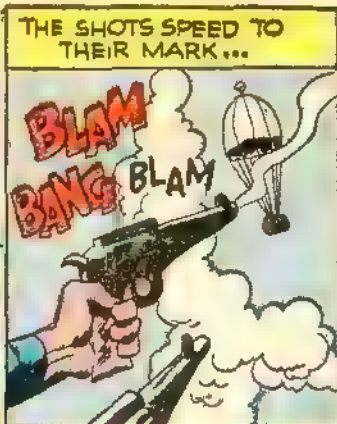
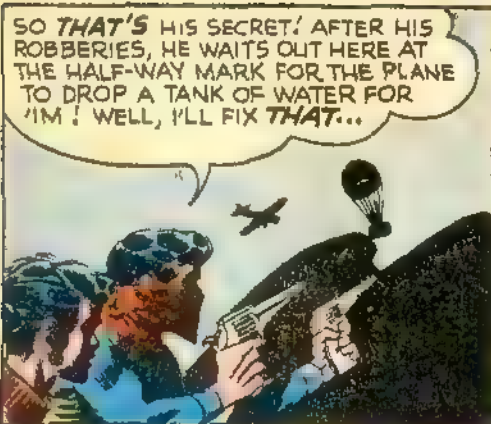


THE GRIM GAME OF CAT AND
MOUSE IS PLAYED CAUTIOUSLY
FOR AN HOUR, THEN, FROM
ABOVE, COMES THE SOUND OF
AN APPROACHING AIRPLANE!



LOOK, STUFF!
AN AIRPLANE!
WAY OUT HERE!

SURE, VIGILANTE!
THAT'S HOW I
GET MY WATER!
THE MEN DROP
A TANK OF IT
HERE EVERY DAY
FOR ME! HA!
HA!





KEDS SHOCKPROOF ARCH CUSHION

SHOCK-
PROOF
INSOLE



CUSH-
IONED
HEEL

Only Keds Have ALL These Features:

- Scientific Last lets toes grip for action
- Slanted two-piece tops; won't bind
- Smooth inside construction
- Balanced toughness throughout
- Traction Soles; non-marking
- Pull-proof eyelets
- Wash clean with soap and water

They're not Keds unless the name Keds appears on the shoe

CHAMPION



BIKE

CAGER



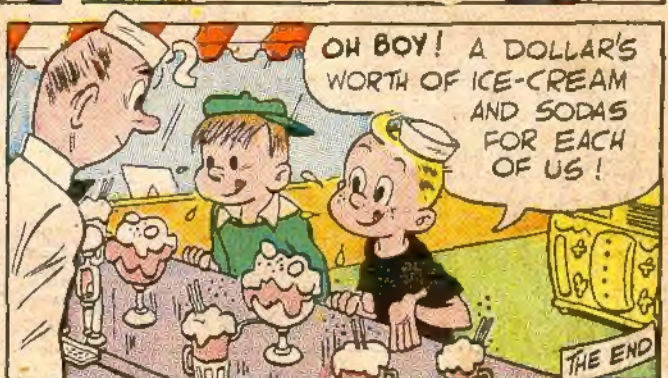
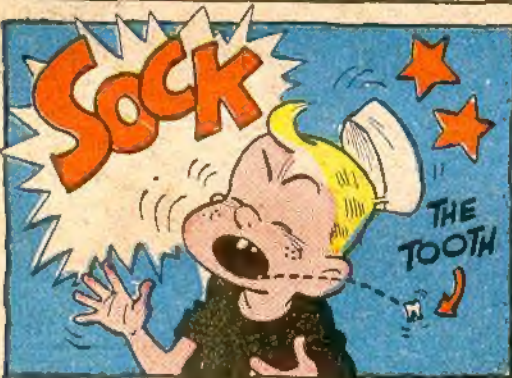
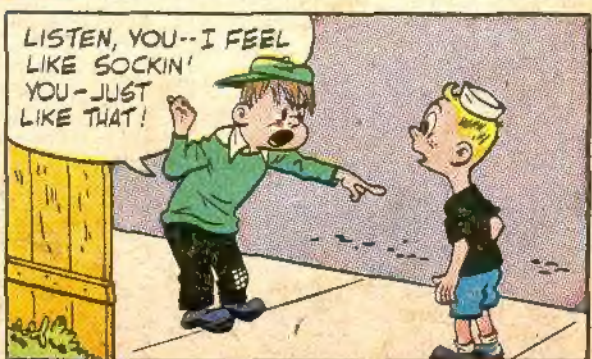
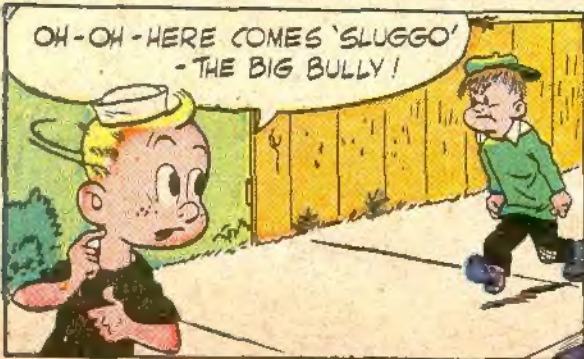
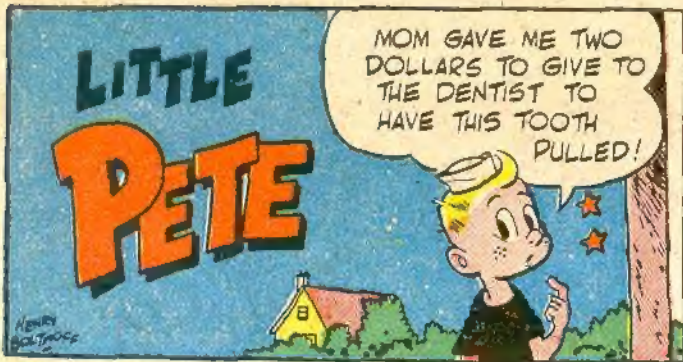
BE SURE TO ASK FOR U. S. KEDS
THE NAME IS ON THE SHOE

U.S. **Keds**
MADE ONLY BY

The Shoe of Champions

MADE ONLY BY
U.S. RUBBER
SERVING THROUGH SCIENCE

UNITED STATES
RUBBER COMPANY



SUPERMEN OF AMERICA

SUPERMAN'S SECRET MESSAGE

(Code Krypton No. 9)

J QCRWP FNUU MXWN
RB BJCRBOJLCRXW NW-
XDPQ — KXJBCRWP X-
WUH CJTNB JFJH OAXV
RCB FXACQ!

SUPERMAN,
c/o ACTION COMICS
480 LEXINGTON AVENUE, N. Y. C. 17, N. Y.

Nov.

Dear Superman:

Please enroll me as a Member of the SUPERMEN of AMERICA. I enclose 10c to cover cost of mailing. It is understood that I am to receive my Membership Certificate, Emblem and Superman Code.

NAME..... AGE.....

STREET ADDRESS.....

CITY..... ZONE..... STATE.....

NEW TARGET RANGE

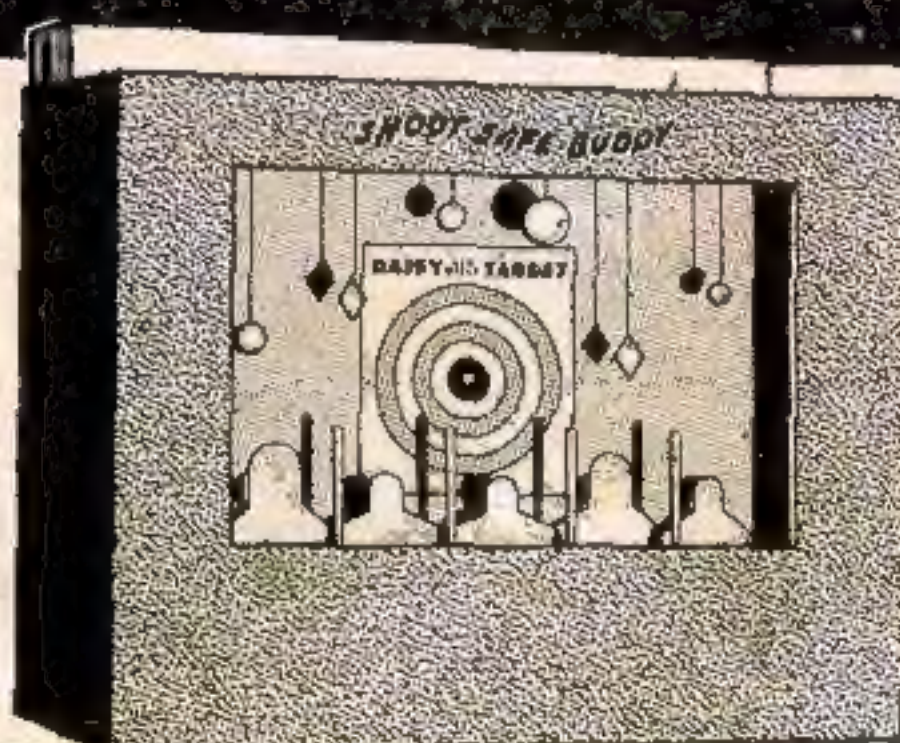
for DAISY B-B Rifle Shooters!



SPIN THE "BIRDIES"!
Five different-shaped "Birdies" that spin when hit!



HIT THE "BULLSEYE"!
Official Daisy Target Cards that puncture when hit!



SHATTER "HANGING SPOTS"!
Nearly 70 different "spots" that shatter when hit!



BREAK THE "STICKS"!
Slivers of Cardboard break-off when hit!



Amazing 4 Way ACTION Range Ready at Dealers!

Be an expert shot with the help of this amazing new ACTION Target Range! Spin "Birdies"—shatter "Hanging Spots"—Break "Sticks"—smack the "Bull"! Built of husky, colored, corrugated cardboard. Replaceable

backstop. Easily portable. For basement, attic, outdoors... and as extra ACTION Target Range for Targeteer Pistol. Hurry—buy complete Range now (includes Manual-Instruction Booklet) at your Daisy dealer!

ACTION TARGET RANGE ALSO IDEAL TO USE WITH



TARGETEER PISTOL SET

No. 118

ASK YOUR DEALER

DAISY RED RYDER CARBINE

1800 SHOT

LICENSED BY STEPHEN SLESINGER, INC., N. Y.



NO. 25—DAISY PUMP GUN

NO. 135—DAISY 1000 SHOT REPEATER

DAISY

BULLS EYE B-B SHOT
Is Best for DAISY AIR RIFLES



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How to catch
more fish...

"EVEREADY"
SPOTLIGHT

on A.G. Homa
EXPERT ANGLER

GEE, MR. HOMA, WHAT'S THE
GLASS-BOTTOM BUCKET FOR?

I LOOK THROUGH IT TO
LOCATE THE GRAVEL BEDS
WHERE SMALL-MOUTH BASS
HANG OUT. BUT THE REAL
FUN'S TONIGHT. ASK YOUR
POP IF YOU CAN COME ALONG!

THAT NIGHT

MY FLASHLIGHT PICKS UP
THE LANDMARKS THAT I
SELECTED THIS AFTERNOON.
I KNOW THE BIG ONES HIDE
THERE

GEE, YOUR
FLASHLIGHT
COMES IN
HANDY!

I CAST TOWARD SHORE AND
WORK THE BAIT BACK TO
CROSS THE SPOT WHERE THE
FISH JUMPED!

WOW!
A
STRIKE!

HERE'S WHERE THAT
POWERFUL "EVEREADY"
FLASHLIGHT IS REAL
HANDY!

FLASHLIGHT HELPS YOU LOCATE YOUR
FISH, BOAT HIM AND UNHOOK HIM
IN MY FLASHLIGHT I ALWAYS USE
"EVEREADY" BATTERIES BECAUSE THEY
OUTLAST ALL OTHER BRANDS*...
NOW LET'S GET THIS
ONE'S BROTHER!

IN GENERAL-PURPOSE 4-OHM INTERMITTENT TESTS
THIS "EVEREADY" BATTERY
OUTLASTS ALL OTHER BRANDS!

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